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Going North (Read up.) 6	4	2		Going South (Read down) 1	3	5
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	STATIONS.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.
4 55	1 45		Lyons	7 25	10 10	6 20
4 55	1 50	9 25	Geneva	8 20	12 40	6 50
7 25	4 20	8 35	Dresden	8 00	9 25	7 25
7 00	4 00	8 23	Hermanns	8 07	9 55	7 40
6 50	3 55	8 20	Dundee	9 15	2 15	7 52
6 40	3 45	8 05	Watkins Glen	9 40	3 20	8 20
6 15	3 20	7 40	Beaver Dams	10 05	3 21	8 32
5 40	11 40	7 15	Dp Corning Ar	10 20	4 00	9 00

Corning, Cowanesque & Antrim Div.

8	10	8	STATIONS.	1	3	7
P.M.	A.M.	A.M.		P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
3 50			Dp Antrim Ar	1 00		
3 10			Summit	12 42		
3 20			Cowanesque	12 32		
3 25			Tioga	12 15	6 10	7 20
3 37	11 52	7 05	WELLSBORO	12 00	6 02	7 12
3 45	11 45	7 13	Stokesdale	11 50	5 52	7 02
4 11	11 22	7 39	Niles Valley	11 28	5 47	7 03
4 14	11 18	7 43	Middlebury	11 23	5 43	7 00
4 19	11 13	7 47	Holiday	11 20	5 38	6 55
4 26	11 06	7 53	Hammond	11 12	5 29	6 47
4 33	11 00	7 45	Tioga	11 05	5 20	6 38
4 36	10 57	7 56	Lambs	11 02	5 15	6 28
4 53	10 40	8 13	Lawrenceville	11 05	4 50	6 13
5 02	10 31	8 11	Tomlinson	11 03	4 43	6 15
5 10	10 23	8 20	Farnsworth	10 58	4 36	6 05
5 30	10 00	8 40	Ar Corning Dp	10 30	4 20	5 45

Pine Creek Division.

10	6	8	STATIONS.	1	3	7
P.M.	P.M.			A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
12 15	4 15		WELLSBORO	11 40	5 50	
12 08	4 07		Stokesdale	11 52	5 46	
12 00	3 55		Stokesdale Junc	12 05	5 40	
11 41	3 50		*March Creek	12 11	5 14	
11 36	3 44		Arnot	12 22	5 20	
11 16	3 33		*Four Mile Run	12 36	5 02	
11 00	3 27		*Tiadaghton	12 42	4 51	
10 40	3 10		Blackwell's	1 15	4 15	
10 32	2 58		Cedar Run	1 28	4 03	
8 55	2 15		Waterville	2 25	3 07	
8 00	1 45		Jersey Shore	2 45	2 00	
7 35	1 15		Newberry Junc	3 15	1 30	
7 25	1 05		Williamsport	3 25	1 45	
A.M.	P.M.			P.M.	P.M.	

Cowanesque Branch.

24	6	8	STATIONS.	1	7	23
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.		A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
6 00	5 30	8 40	Ar. Corning Dp	10 35	5 45	6 20
4 28	4 40	7 55	Lawrenceville	11 15	6 23	8 05
4 23	4 18	7 36	Nelson	11 37	6 48	8 56
4 10	4 07	7 25	Elkland	11 50	7 01	9 23
3 00	4 02	7 20	Osceola	11 55	7 06	9 40
2 23	3 40	7 00	Arnot's Corners	12 07	7 19	10 10
2 15	3 34	6 54	Knoxville	12 10	7 22	10 17
2 03	3 27	6 58	Cowanesque	12 20	7 33	10 43
1 49	3 20	6 52	Westfield	12 27	7 40	11 00
1 25	3 22	6 43	Potter Brook	12 37	7 50	11 23
1 19	3 19	6 41	Elmer	12 39	7 53	11 30
1 05	3 15	6 33	Harrison Valley	12 45	8 00	11 45

FALL BROOK BRANCH.—A train leaves Blossburg at 1:25 p. m., Somerville at 12:45 and arrives at Fall Brook at 1:05 p. m. Returning, it leaves Fall Brook at 2:20 p. m., Somerville at 2:30 and arrives at Blossburg at 2:40 p. m.

*Flag station.

CONNECTIONS.—At Corning with Main Line, N. Y. C. & H. R. R. and Erie. At Gibson with Fall Brook. At Lawrenceville with Tioga and Gaines Branches. At Tioga with Tioga Branch. At Lambs Creek with Cowanesque Branch. At Stokesdale with Tioga Branch. At Wellsboro Junction with Tioga Branch. At Arnot with Tioga Branch. At Blossburg with Tioga Branch. At Antrim with Tioga Branch. At Syracuse with all lines of railway. At Geneva with N. Y. C. & H. R. R., Geneva & Sayre R. R., Geneva, Ithaca & Sayre R. R., Dresden with Lehigh Valley Railway. At Himrods with Penn Yan Branch. At Watkins with Elmira, Cortland & Northern R. R., and D., L. & W. R. R. At Lawrenceville with Tioga and Gaines Branches. At Corning with Erie, Fall Brook, Northern Central, Chemung, Syracuse, Geneva & Corning, Addison & Pennsylvania, Fall Brook, Erie, Buffalo, New York & Philadelphia, Erie & Pittsburg, Williamsport & Elmira, Northern Central, Philadelphia & Reading, Philadelphia & Erie, Pennsylvania, Baltimore & Potomac, Erie & Pittsburg, Williamsport & Elmira, Northern Central, Philadelphia & Reading, Philadelphia & Erie, Pennsylvania, Baltimore & Potomac.

G. R. BLAKE, Gen'l Supt. J. H. ROCKWELL, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

Addison & Pennsylvania Div.

GOING SOUTH 5	3
P.M.	P.M.
2 35	5 45
2 50	6 00
2 55	6 05
3 20	6 30
3 25	6 35
3 35	6 45
3 40	6 50
3 45	6 55
3 50	7 00
4 00	7 10
4 05	7 15
4 10	7 20
4 20	7 30
4 25	7 35
4 30	7 40
4 35	7 45
4 40	7 50
4 45	7 55
4 50	8 00
5 10	8 20
5 40	8 50
6 17	9 27
6 30	9 40

Additional trains leave Corning for Addison at 11:00 a. m. and 4:45 p. m. Leave Addison for Corning at 8:00 a. m. and 1:00 p. m.

FRANK M. BAKER, Supt.

Fresh Shell and Tub Oysters and Clams
SERVED DAILY AT THE
PARLOR RESTAURANT
At Wholesale and Retail.

AN OLD MAID'S SOLILOQUY.

"To take or not to take? that is the question—
Whether it is better to end this earthly farce,
A spinster braving the smiles of those who would invite
That lack of lovers cause my lonely state,—
Or take the remedy my sisters take,
And seem my eyes grow bright as they I bathed
In the immortal fount he keeps nought
In vain in Florida's peaceful shade,
Left have scarcely married sisters say
That good old Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription
Would bring back color to a faded cheek—
Restore the health of one who fain would die
To rid herself of all the pain she feels."

The aforesaid spinster took the remedy—and forthwith took a husband also, having regained her health and blooming beauty.

Thousands of women owe their fresh, blooming countenances to the restorative effects of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb.

Dr. PIERCE'S PELLETS regulate and cleanse the liver, stomach and bowels. They are purely vegetable and perfectly harmless. Due in a home. Sold by druggists, 25 cents a vial.

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Opposite the Coles Hotel.

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BED ROOM SUITS

of the finest finish and latest patterns, in any place in Tioga county.

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After an experience of thirty three years in Elmira and three years on Wall Street, New York, the general business of a street in America, I have again fully settled down at my old stand, 104 and 106 East Water street, Elmira, N. Y., with the largest and finest stock of

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AND GROCERIES,

EVER BROUGHT INTO THIS CITY.

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When you buy goods of me they will be shipped from New York or Elmira according as our interests may be best served. If you want $1 worth or $10,000 worth you can get them of me at the price, and I will warrant the arrival of goods at your station or money refunded. I am as solid as this government and good for anything I tell you. Don't buy Groceries without calling my Price List. Direct all communications to

JOHN KENNEDY
104 & 106 East Water St.,
ELMIRA, N. Y.

HUGH YOUNG, Pres. W. D. VANHORN, Cashr.

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Wellsborough National Bank

ORGANIZED, OCT. 9, 1888.
CHAR. FREW, NOV. 10, 1888.

Capital paid in, - - - $50,000
Authorized Capital, - - $150,000

DIRECTORS.

JEROME B. NILES, JNO. N. RACHE
H. N. MCCOY, CHAS. TUBBS,
ALEX. POLLOCK, D. L. DEANE,
HUGH YOUNG, W. D. VANHORN,
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Too much care cannot be used and no pains will be spared to render satisfaction to customers for collections, which may be made on any point in this country or Europe.

Interest allowed on time deposits.

We do not keep a savings bank department, only.

We respectfully solicit a share of the business, and if we get it we will do our best to keep it.

Wellsboro, Pa., April 30, 1890.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

FOGG'S

One Far-Off Day.

One far-off day, when I was young,
And Spring a new-born fairy,
About the world her song
With many a sweet vagary,
The chiming of the lily bells,
Her daisy foot-steps after,
The busy brook, where ripples dwell
Soft echo of her laughter.

A youth and lass, who strolling by,
Then up the orchid started,
And vowed by all the buds of May
They'd never more be parted.
Her heart beneath its golden zone
Grew lighter than a feather
If love and Spring are fair alone,
What must they be together!

A power that earth to heaven uplifts—
Ah, wise was it fate
That two of love's choicest gifts
Should be forever mated!

—N. Y. Tribune.

QUATERNAIN'S WIFE.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD,

Author of "Colonel Quaritch, V. C.," "Mr. Meeson's Will," "A Tale of Three Lions," "Allan Quatermain," "She," "Jess," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

BOTH Stella and Tota were too weary to be moved, so we camped that night in the baboon's home, but were troubled by no baboons. Stella would not sleep in the cave; she said the place terrified her, so I made her up a kind of a bed under a thorn tree. In this rock-bound valley was one of the hottest places I ever was in, I thought that this would not [illegible] but when we came to it the following morning I saw a veil of miasmatic mist hanging over the surface of the ground, I changed my opinion. However, neither Stella nor Tota [illegible] the worse, so as soon as was practicable we started homewards. I had already on the previous day sent some of the men back to the kraals to fetch a ladder, and when we reached the cliff we found them waiting for us beneath. With the help of the ladder the descent was easy. Stella simply got out of her rough litter at the top of the cliff, for we found it necessary to carry her, climbed down the ladder, and got into it again at the bottom.

Well, we reached the kraals safely enough, seeing nothing more of Hendrika, and, were this a story, doubtless I should end it here with—"and lived happy ever after." But alas! it is not so. How am I to write it?

My dearest wife's vital energy seemed completely to fail her now that the danger was past, and within twelve hours of our return I saw that her fate was such as to necessitate the abandonment of any idea of leaving Babyan Kraals at present. The bodily fever, the anguish of mind, and the terror that she had endured during that dreadful night, combined with her delicate state of health, had completely broken her down. To make matters worse, she was taken with an attack of fever, contracted no doubt in the unhealthy atmosphere of that accursed valley. In time she shook the fever off, but it left her dreadfully weak, and quite unfit to face the trial before her.

I think she knew she was going to die, she always spoke of my future, never of our future. It is impossible for me to tell how sweet she was; how gentle, how patient and resigned. Nor, indeed, do I wish to tell it, it is too sad. But this I will say: I believe that if ever a woman drew near to perfection while yet living on the earth, Stella Quatermain did so.

The fatal hour drew on. My boy Harry was born, and his mother lived to kiss and bless him. Then she sank. We did what we could, but we had little skill, and might not hold her back from death. All through one weary night I watched her with a breaking heart.

The dawn came, the sun rose in the east. His rays falling on the peak behind were reflected in glory upon the bosom of the western sky. Stella awoke from her swoon and saw the light. She whispered to me to open the door of the hut. I did so, and she fixed her dying eyes on the splendor of the morning sky. She looked on me and smiled as an angel might smile. Then with a last effort she lifted her hand, and, pointing to the radiant heavens, whispered:

"There, Allan, there!"

It was done, and I was broken hearted, and broken hearted I must wander till the end. Those who have endured my loss will know my sorrow; it cannot be written. In such peace and at such an hour may I also die!

Yes, it is a sad story, but wander where we will about the world we can never go beyond the sound of the passing bell. For me, as for my father before me, and for the millions who have been and who shall be, there is but one word of comfort. "The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away." Let us, then, bow our heads in hope, and add with a humble heart, "Blessed be the name of the Lord."

I buried her by her father's side, and the weeping old people who had loved her went up to heaven. Even Indabazimbi went.

On the [illegible] I could [illegible] was shin[illegible] shaped [illegible]

brutes. I am not dead yet, Macumazahn. Take me and torture me to death, slowly, very slowly. It was jealousy of you that drove me mad, and I have killed her, and now she never can forgive me."

"Ask forgiveness from above," I said, for Hendrika had been a Christian, and the torment of her remorse touched me.

"Ask my forgiveness," she sobbed. "May God torture me for ever, because I killed her, may I become a brute forever till she comes to find me and forgives me! I only want her forgiveness. And wailing in an anguish of the heart so strong that her bodily sufferings seemed to be forgotten, Hendrika, the baboon-man, died.

I went back to the kraals, and, waking Indabazimbi, told him what had happened, asking him to send some one to watch the body, as I proposed to give it burial. But next morning it was gone, and I found that the natives, hearing of the event, had taken the corpse and thrown it to the vultures with every mark of hate. Such, then, was the end of Hendrika.

A week after Hendrika's death I left Babyan Kraals. The place was hateful to me now; it was a haunted place. I sent for old Indabazimbi and told him that I was going. He answered that it was well. "The place has served your turn," he said; "there you have won that joy which it was fated you should win, and have suffered those things that it was fated you should suffer. Yes, and though you know it not now, the joy and the suffering, like the sunshine and the storm, are the same thing, and will rest at last in the same heaven, the heaven from which they came. Now go, Macumazahn."

I asked him if he was coming with me.

"No," he answered, "our paths lie apart henceforth, Macumazahn. We met together for certain ends. Those ends are fulfilled. Now each one goes his own way. You have still many years before you, Macumazahn; my years are few. When we shake hands here it will be for the last time. Perhaps we may meet again, but it will not be in this world. Henceforth I have peace of my friend the Lord."

"Heavy words," I said.

"True words," he answered.

Well, I have little heart to write of the rest of it. I went, leaving Indabazimbi in charge of this place, and making him a present of such cattle and goods as I did not want.

Tota, I of course took with me. Fortunately by this time she had almost recovered the shock to her nerves. The baby Harry, as he was afterwards named, was a fine healthy child, and I was lucky in getting a respectable native woman, whose husband had been killed in the fight with the baboons, to accompany me as his nurse.

Slowly, and followed for a distance by all the people, I trekked away from Babyan Kraals. My route towards Natal was along the edge of the bad lands, and my final night's outspan was beneath that very tree where Stella, my last wife, had found us so we lay dying of thirst.

I did not sleep much that night. And yet I was glad that I had not died in the desert about eleven months before. I felt then, as from year to year I have continued to feel while I wander through the lonely wilderness of life, that I have been preserved to an end. I look upon my darling's love, and for a little while we had been happy together. Our happiness was too perfect to endure. She is lost to me now, but she is lost to be found again.

Here on the following morning I bade farewell to Indabazimbi.

"Good-by, Macumazahn," he said, nodding his white lock at me. "Good-by for a while. I am not a Christian; your father could not make me that. But he was a wise man, and when he said that those who love each other shall meet again, he did not lie. And I too am a wise man in my way, Macumazahn; and I say it is true that we shall meet again. All my prophecies to you have come true, Macumazahn, and this one shall come true also. I tell you that you shall return to Babyan Kraals and shall not find me. I tell you that you shall journey on a further land than Babyan Kraals and shall find me. Farewell" and he took a pinch of snuff, laughed and went.

Of my journey down to Natal there is little to tell. I met with many adventures, but they were of no special kind, and in the end arrived safely at Port Durban, which I now visited for the first time. Both Tota and my baby boy bore the journey well. And here I may as well chronicle the destiny of Tota. For a year she remained under my charge. Then she was adopted by a lady, the wife of an English colonel, who was stationed at the Cape. She was known by her adopted parents to England, where she grew up a very charming and pretty girl, and ultimately married a clergyman in Norfolk. But I never saw her again, though we often wrote to each other.

Before I returned to the country of my birth, she too had been gathered to the land of shadows, leaving three children behind her. Ah me! all this took place so long ago, when I was young who now am old.

Perhaps it may interest the reader to know the fate of Mr. Carson's property, which should of course have gone to his grandson Harry. I wrote to England to claim the estate on his behalf, but the lawyer to whom the matter was submitted said that my marriage to Stella, not having been celebrated by an ordained priest, was not, according to English law, and therefore Harry could not inherit. Foolishly, I acquiesced in this, and the property passed to a cousin of my father-in-law, but since I have come to live in [illegible] I have been informed [illegible]

THE CURSE OF THIRST.

How a Proud and Haughty Man Was Forced to Become Charitable.

There is in Italy a fountain over which is the statue of a beggar drinking at a spring. It is called the "Beggar's Fountain" and this is its story. Once upon a time there lived, so says the legend, a very proud and haughty man, who hated the poor and set himself above all the world who were not as wealthy and well dressed as himself, and his want of charity was [illegible] that it had become proverbial, and a beggar would no more have thought of asking bread at his gate than of asking him for all his fortune.

However, there was a spring on his land, a sweet spring of cold water, and as it was the only one for miles many a wayfarer paused to drink at it, but never was permitted to do so. A servant, well armed, was kept upon the watch to drive such persons away.

Now, there never had been known before any one so avaracious as to refuse a cup of cold water to his fellow-man, and the angels, talking amongst each other, could not believe it; and one of them said to the rest:

"It is impossible for any but Satan himself! I will go to earth and prove that it is not true."

And so this fair and holy angel disguised herself as a beggar-woman, covered her golden hair with a [illegible] hood, and chose the moment when the master of the house was himself standing near the spring to come slowly up the road, walking over the stones with bare feet, and to pause beside the fountain and humbly asked for a draught of its sweet water.

Instantly the servant who guarded the spot interposed the pike he carried. But the angel, desiring to take news of a good deed, not of an evil one, back to heaven turned to the master himself.

"Sir," she said, "I am, as you see, a wanderer from afar. See how poor my garments are, how stained with travel. It is not surely at your bidding that your servant forbids me to drink. And even if it is, I pray you bid him let me alone, for I am very thirsty."

The rich man looked at her with scornful eyes and laughed contemptuously.

"This is not a public fountain," he said. "You will find one in the next village."

"The way is long," pleaded the angel, "and I am a woman and not weak as you are."

"Drive her away," said the rich man, and, as he spoke, the beggar fainted but in the instant her black hood dropped from her head and revealed floods of rippling golden hair—her unseemly rags fell to the ground and the shimmering robes that angels wear shone in their place. For a moment she hovered, poised on purple wings, with her hands folded on her bosom and an ineffable sweetness of sorrow in her eyes. Then, with a gush of music and a flood of perfume, she vanished.

The servant fell to the earth like one dead. The rich man trembled and cried out, for he knew that he had forbidden a cup of cold water to an angel, and horror possessed his soul.

Almost immediately, also, a terrible thirst fell upon him which nothing could assuage. In vain he drank wines, sherbets, draughts of all pleasing kinds. Nothing could slake his thirst. The sweet water of the spring was saltier to him than the sea. He who never in his life had known an ungratified desire, now experienced the torture of an ever-unsatisfied longing; but through this misery he began to understand what he had done. He repented his conduct to the poor. Alms were given daily at his gates. Charity became the business of his life. The fountain was no longer guarded and near it hung ever a cup ready for any one who chose to use it. But the curse—if curse it were—was never lifted.

The rich man—young when the angel visited him—grew middle-aged, elderly, old, still tortured by this awful thirst, despite his prayers and repentance. He had given away his substance; he had himself broken bread for the most miserable beggars who came to his door.

And at 80 years of age, bowed with infirmity and weary of his life, he sat one day beside the fountain weeping. And lo! along the road he saw approaching a beggar-woman, hooded in black, wearing ragged rags, and walking over the stones in her bare feet. Slowly she came on and paused beside the fountain.

"May I drink?" she asked.

"There are none to forbid thee," said the old man trembling. "Drink, poor woman. Once an angel was forbidden here, but that time has passed. Drink and pray for one athirst. Here is the cup."

The woman bent over the fountain and filled the cup; but instead of putting it to her own lips she presented it to those of the old man.

"Drink, then," she cried, "and thirst no more!"

The old man took the cup and emptied it. Oh, blessed draught! With it the torture of years departed, and as he drank it he praised heaven. And lifting his eyes once more he saw the beggar's hood drop to the ground and her rags fall to pieces. For a moment she stood revealed in all her beauty of snowy skin and golden hair and silvery raiment; and she stretched her hand toward him, as in blessing, and then, rising on purple pinions, vanished in the skies. A strain of music lingered, a perfume filled the air, and those who came there soon after found the old man praying beside the spring.

Before he died he built the fount in front of which the spring still gushes, and it, with the splendid mansion beyond it, now a hospital, has been given to the poor forever.

TWO AGED LOVERS.

An Engineer's Sad Story of His Experience Separated by Death.

Engineer Dimmick, of the Chicago express, said he had been in nervous dread of an accident from the moment he pulled out of the Lake Shore depot in Chicago. This had made him unusually careful, but as he ran he had Sherman's Crossing, a little behind time, he began to lose his fear, he opened the throttle of his old engine to gain a few minutes in the remaining eight miles between there and Toledo. He started to signal for the crossing just this side of the trees, when horror! he saw a future driving furiously toward it, as if to cross ahead of the train.

It was suicide!

Dimmick sent out a heart-breaking signal to the brakemen, reversed the engine, put on air brakes, knowing all the time the train could not be stopped this side of the crossing; and then shut his eyes and prayed. When the engine stopped a pair of the wagon was on the head light, the horses were distributed along the track, and two people were lying near the fence.

Dimmick was the first to reach them. They both breathed. Was there a physician among the passengers? Yes, two.

A hurried examination and consultation. The man was undoubtedly fatally hurt; the woman probably so.

They were tenderly carried to Mr. Richards' house near by, and the physicians were told that if they would stay until the local practitioner could be found a locomotive would be sent back for them in an hour. They agreed to stay. The bell rang, travelers hurried to their places; some with white faces at the thought that it might have been themselves, others full of the importance a participation in the event would give their story, and others, forgetting themselves, thinking only of the sorrow brought to others.

Mr. Richards placed his house at the command of the physicians. Stimulants were administered, and when the family doctor and the children of the sufferers had arrived, the father was moaning, but the mother had opened her eyes.

Late in the night, after hours of fearful and incessant labor over them, the mother spoke.

"How is father?"

"He is still unconscious, but is well taken care of. There is something for you; now don't worry, don't think, just go to sleep again." Her son spoke to her.

"I must go to father."

"You couldn't think of it, mother. You are very badly hurt, yourself. You must be very quiet."

"I must go to father; he needs me."

The physician looked at her keenly, saying in a low tone to the son, "I think we had better fix a place for her near him. She will never be content otherwise."

The son coaxed and argued with her but it was of no avail. They moved her bed beside her husband's; she attempted to take his hand, but could not. His stertorous breathing seemed to make no impression upon her.

"Is father going to die?" she asked. "The weeping daughter nodded. "You must keep quiet for your own sake, mother."

"We've been married over forty-eight years," she said to the doctor, "but we've known each other all our lives."

"You mustn't talk, mother."

"We was raised side by side; he took care on me when we went to school together; he's always took care on me. Put me on my side more, so I can see him better."

"Mother, you must stop thinking and talking." She paid no heed.

"Seems s'fi'wan't but a little while ago since we were married, but it's over forty-eight year. We was talkin' about our golden weddin' this very week. Ren?"

The son put his hands on her lips to silence her, but the doctor whispered, "Better let her talk a little. She's beyond control."

The gray-headed husband seemed to hear her call; he opened his eyes, breathed less noisily, struggled with his voice, and then managed to whisper, "Rachel."

"Here I am, Benjamin," and turning her eyes to the daughter, "Put my hand in his."

They laid her poor, wrinkled hand on his hard, knotty fingers.

"Is it morning, Rachel?"

"No, it ain't, you just lie still. You see," said she, turning her eyes to the others, "he thinks it's time to get up."

"Rachel!" In a very low whisper it came.

"Yes, Ben; I'm right here beside you."

"Tell Jim to milk this morning."

"Yes, yes; that's all attended to. Can you see me?"

"It's very light, wife, but I can't see you."

The doctor motioned to the children that the end was near.

"Put my face on his, Susy; yes, I know he's going, but 'tain't for long; lift me over to him."

They lifted her face to his, his eyes opened; he smiled—and passed away.

They carried the mother back to her own pillow, and were glad to see her quietly go to sleep.

And in that sleep she crossed the river to her Ben.—*Toledo Blade.*

Mark Twain to Autograph Hunters.

Mark Twain thus recently wrote to an autograph collector in response to a request for his signature:

"I hope I shall not offend you; I shall certainly say nothing with the intention to offend you. I must explain myself, however, and I will do it as kindly as I can. Whatever you ask me to do I am asked to do so often as one-half dozen times a week. Three hundred letters a year! One's impulse is to freely [illegible] one's time and [illegible] not permit [illegible] in all [illegible]

FARM, FIELD AND GARDEN

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF AMERICAN AGRICULTURISTS.

A Brief Chapter on Fertilizers by Southern Cultivator. Experience Suggestions About Poultry, Bees and Other Timely Topics of General Interest.

Bone meal is good for any crop, but is especially adapted for fruit trees of all kinds, grape vines and other perennial plants. It is not a very active fertilizer and is not quickly exhausted. If very fine ground it is also excellent for a strawberry bed.

Nitrate of soda is not recommended for orchards and vines, being very soluble and not enduring. Potash is a very important constituent of a fertilizer for fruit trees, vines and strawberries. A mixture may be made that will answer for all these plants, as follows:

Bone flour (fine), 1,200 pounds; kainit, 800 pounds. You can make a somewhat cheaper mixture as follows: Acid phosphate, 1,000 pounds; cotton seed meal, 500 pounds; kainit, 500 pounds.

For a long time it was thought that [illegible] required large doses of salt, probably because it would endure a heavy application without injury, being a marine plant; but later experiments indicate that salt is no specific for asparagus, but serves to retain moisture. We would prefer to use the last described formula on asparagus. The kainit contains one-third salt.

Wire Netting in the Garden.

Wire netting is being substituted for bean poles and pea brush in village gardens and other small plots. We find in Orchard and Garden the following suggestions on the subject: The galvanized wire netting sufficient for a row of peas, beans or tomatoes, 150 feet long, it is affirmed, will cost 20 cents a year only, if ordinary care be taken of the netting when not in use. In using the wire only a few stout stakes are needed, which can be put away under cover when not in use, and it makes the neatest kind of a trellis imaginable. It throws no shade, and always presents a point to tie to. Tomatoes usually need a good deal of tying with most methods of training, but on the wire netting they soon get their shoots interlocked in the meshes, and only need the occasional tying in of a branch.

This netting is not only cheaper than the various patent trellises offered for sale, but is much better every way. The netting is largely used for poultry yard inclosures. A wider grade is used, so as to make a fence seven feet high by the help of a hundred twelve inches wide. There is no reason why these poultry yard fences could not be made both beautiful and useful by using them to support grape vines, trained high, so as to have the fruit out of the way of the poultry. The vines would be benefited by the droppings of the fowls and the fowls by the shade of the vines.

The Bee and Home Garden.

Attention is called in a bulletin from the Rhode Island experiment station to the decision of the supreme court of Arkansas as to the unconstitutionality of prohibiting bee keeping. Attention is furthermore called to laws lately passed in Germany, which gives all land owners the privilege of keeping bees anywhere and promising protection by civil right and law as well as punishment to the destroyers of bees by poison or any other means.

Quotations from crop and other reports of the United States department are given to show the importance of this industry. The value of bees as honey and wax producers is shown, and their greater value as pollen from flower to flower, thus fertilizing and causing the fruit to set and mature, is considered and many opinions and facts presented. The dependency of the cross fertilization of flowers and the aid rendered by insects in this work is shown, as well as the adaptability of the honey bee to the flowers of the most important fruit and vegetable crops dependent upon insect visits. The question as to whether bees injure fruit is presented; the opinion of the government entomologist that they do not, and an account of the careful experiments carried out under his direction to settle the matter are given. The views of Professors Packard and Gray, as well as of prominent fruit growers in Rhode Island, are also given.

Boy to Make a Honey Board.

In a prize essay written for American Bee Journal on extracted honey, a correspondent says:

"I prefer a honey board made as follows to anything else that I have tried: It is made of strips about one and one-fourth inches wide and three-fourths of an inch longer than the outside of the hive. These are placed a bee space apart and just as wide as the hive (outside), and the whole is cleated together by a three-quarter inch square strip, that has a groove cut in the middle, half way through, just the same as an old style Heddon hive cover is cleated. These end strips keep the board in place and also keep the upper stories from slipping or blowing off. This board may easily be made break joint, but I am not sure that it is an advantage."

A Test of Varieties of Oats.

Professor Caldwell, reporting upon a test of varieties of oats made at the Pennsylvania experiment station, says:

The cultivation of the Harris variety is not to be recommended from our experience with it. It gives a fair yield and is one of the earliest varieties of the season. [illegible] reports received by the state board of agriculture, is practically destroyed.

[illegible] department of agriculture has [illegible] received by Mr. Fer[illegible] with [illegible] The [illegible]

SORGHUM AND SORGHUM SUGAR.

An Interesting Report of Results Obtained During the Year 1889.

The chemist of the United States department of agriculture, Dr. Wiley, has prepared a record of exper

Wellsboro Gazette.

THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1890.

FRED N. WRIGHT, FRANK CONEVERY,
Editors and Proprietors.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The following named persons are announced as candidates for the office specified below, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER,
HARRY D. WHEELER, of Delmar.
C. H. TREMAINE, of Lawrence.
C. H. DEWITT, Mainesburg, Pa.

DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION.

The Democratic State Convention of Pennsylvania will assemble at the Academy of Music, in the city of Scranton, at 10 o'clock a. m. on WEDNESDAY, JULY 9, 1890, to nominate candidates for Governor, Lieutenant Governor and Secretary of Internal Affairs. The convention will consist of representative delegates chosen under the rules of the party from the several Assembly Districts, one for each 1,000 Democratic votes cast at the last preceding Gubernatorial election, or for a fraction of 1,000 such votes amounting to 500 or more in the respective representative districts, provided that each representative district shall have at least one delegate.

ELLIOTT P. KISNER,
Chairman State Democratic Committee.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY COMMITTEE.

A meeting of the Democratic County Committee will be held at the Park Hotel, at Tioga, on TUESDAY, MAY 27th, 1890, at one o'clock p. m. Every member of the Committee is earnestly requested to be present, as business of importance will be brought before the Committee. By order of R. E. URELL,
May 15, 1890. *Chairman.*

THE Philadelphia *Times* remarks that "The farmers seem to be getting tired of living on skim milk themselves and being compelled to sell their cream to pay the tariff taxes."

THE Portland *Oregonian*, a leading Republican paper, thinks the Republicans in their tariff legislation, have been "false to their trust." Yet not a single trust has made a breach of promise outcry.

BOSS QUAY has given out that he intends to sue the New York *World* for libel, for publishing the damaging charges against him made by Mr. Platt. The *World* is very anxious that Quay shall do this, but is of the opinion that he is only making a bluff, having become satisfied that the "dignified silence" scheme won't work.

THE Prohibitionists of Pennsylvania do not seem to be at all discouraged by the "unpleasantness" of June 18, 1889, for they will have a candidate for Governor before the people in the coming campaign. The Executive Committee held a meeting at Harrisburg a few days ago and decided to hold a convention in that city on July 15th and 16th.

THE Republicans of the Third district, the one represented by the late Samuel J. Randall, decided not to run any candidate against the Democratic nominee, Hon. Richard Vaux, and the election on Tuesday was something of a one sided affair—a ratification in fact. So much for the Republican boast at the time of Mr. Randall's death, that his seat was to be filled by a Republican.

EX-SPEAKER JOHN G. CARLISLE was nominated by acclamation in the Democratic caucus at Frankfort, Ky., last Friday night, to succeed the late Mr. Beck in the United States Senate. He was formally elected the next day. Mr. Carlisle is one of the most able men in the Democratic party. He will be missed in the House, but it is safe to assume that he will make his presence known in the Senate.

I CAN name upon my ten fingers men whose combined profits in the last decade have exceeded those of all the agriculturists of any State in the Union.—*Republican Representative Butterworth in opposition to the McKinley bill.* This should convince the farmers that McKinley's monopoly measure was not prepared in their behalf. Mr. Butterworth is an uncompromising Republican; but he is evidently of the opinion that monopoly protection and free trade reach the same result. Mr. Butterworth demands that the interests of this country be protected—but the kind of protection he thinks desirable can only be obtained through tariff reform.

A NEW YORK exchange says the tax rate of the Empire State for 1890 has been fixed at 2¼ mills the lowest rate since 1881. The reduction is more than 33 per cent. Where a citizen last year paid $3.53 on $1,000 worth of property, he will now be compelled to pay but $2.34. This statement needs no comments. It shows what might be in this State were corporations and other monopolies made to pay their just proportion of the taxes. New York is not cursed by one party rule. The Democratic and Republican parties are almost equal in strength, and each watches the other carefully to take advantage and gain popular favor by doing something to better the condition of the tax-payer.

McKINLEY advises "bear in mind that the United States now exporting more products than at any time in our history." Bear in mind that his statement is far from true. The value of articles exported [illegible] than it [illegible]

[illegible]

In 1888 the campaign of lies the monopoly spouters in their savings said the usual dangers of tariff reform. We repeatedly told the miners of the State that were the Democrats victorious English coal would be shipped to this country and the business of the American miner ruined. The monopoly spouters did not believe the statement themselves, yet it had its effect and many miners were frightened into voting for the Republican candidates. That threat was [illegible] not founded on fact is made [illegible] by the April [illegible] article in a recent [illegible] Mining Gazette, relative to the Pottsville Valley of Anthracite [illegible] keep a sharp eye on the [illegible] The [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Protection! Why, the country could better afford to keep these men in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, pay their board and expenses, and set them up in the banking business. He favored proper protection, but these men held the world in their grip. When he said he did not favor that kind of protection he was told 'You are not sound on the tariff.'

"The time has come when some little concern should be shown to American homes and American firesides. A great body of employes of this country was foreign. In some great factories in the East they were known on the rosters by numbers because of unfamiliarity with their names. He did not believe it was wise or prudent to make such a sweeping reduction as was to be supplanted by a [illegible] conclusion he said that the Republicans were very much mistaken. If they imagined that the greatest desire of the people was a bill reflecting the protective system, [illegible] features of the bill—[illegible] quarter of a [illegible]

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[illegible]

[illegible]

[

Owing to the [illegible] of Coal and Oil, we offer to our friends

NAPTHALINE

[illegible] EVENTA-BLE KNOWN.

Only 25 cents a pound.

Spalding's Corner Drug Store.

VAN HORN & JENNINGS'

Wall Paper House

NEXT DOOR TO THE POST OFFICE,

is the leading establishment for Wall Paper, Books, Stationery, etc.

PAPERING AND DECORATING

A SPECIALTY.

A full force of skilled workmen constantly in our employ.—Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

VAN HORN & JENNINGS

Wellsboro Gazette.

THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1890.

"Uncle Rube"—Arthur [illegible]

Best [illegible] Tea [illegible] Stock of Wallpaper, Paints, Varnishes, etc. Milliken & Pardee's Sure Grip Tacks. Peck, Fulton Iron & Engine Works.

LOCAL AND COUNTY AFFAIRS.

—Blossburg has a $5,784 debt.

—Short clipped hair is fashionable.

—Cowanesque's borough tax is 15 mills.

—Keeneyville wants a drug store.

—Arnot's Cow Society has 98 members.

—"Uncle Rube" next Thursday evening.

—Elkland has prospects of a shoe factory.

—"The Victim of His Clothes" next week.

—Mansfield chickens are afflicted with a peculiar disease.

—Silver belt buckles are still fashionable with the ladies.

—The Keeney meat market at Keeneyville has been closed.

—The steam laundry will commence operations next week.

—A tablespoonful of molasses before going to bed relieves a cold.

—Covington's temporary bridge was carried away by the recent flood.

—A skirt-lifter for muddy crossings has just been introduced in the cities.

—Work has been commenced on the new M. E. Church at Cowanesque.

—The brick work has been commenced on Shaffer's new hotel at Blossburg.

—Hailstones as large as hickory nuts fell at Round Top one day last week.

—Mrs. Victor French, of Waverly, N. Y., is the guest of Mrs. Charles Tolles.

—The Round Top cheese factory is using nearly 3,000 pounds of milk weekly.

—Arnot's base ball team is open to challenges from any club in the county.

—Work on the new highway from Liberty to Arnot has been commenced.

—An auction of eight pieces has been organized by Elkland's numerous young men.

—The *Journal* thinks a good laundry would be a paying investment in Elkland.

—The road leading from Farmington to Elkland is said to be in a terrible condition.

—[illegible] of the Wellsboro will shortly be [illegible] will appear in new [illegible] on Tioga Street.

—A heavy rain of Monday night and Tuesday forenoon caused the streams running through Wellsboro to rise with great rapidity. When the rain ceased falling the creeks were running bank full.

—Hon. H. W. Williams and family return to their home from Philadelphia the first of the week to spend the Summer. The Judge left for Harrisburg yesterday, to preside at a short session of the Supreme Court.

—An East Farmington correspondent says Rev. Mr. Gates preached his farewell sermon at the Presbyterian Church, on Sunday, the 11th inst. Owing to poor health he has returned to his home near Canton.

—Mr. Daniel Wright has leased his farm near Gaines to Mr. George Ostrander, of Mitchellville, N. Y. Mr. Wright will leave in a few days for Bath, N. Y., where he has just completed a handsome new residence.

—The Knights Templars annual conclave at Lock Haven next Monday will be attended by Tyaga Commandery, No. 28, of this place. This is the first time the Wellsboro Knights will have appeared as a uniformed body.

—Mr. Frank E. Lyon, of Elmira, formerly of this borough, is now going the rounds as a magnetic healer. His power to aid and cure sufferers from rheumatic troubles is said to be wonderful. He is in Rochester, N. Y., this week.

—A new time table of the Erie road will be found in another column. The Blossburg train, on the Tioga division, arrives at Elmira five minutes earlier, and the evening train leaves Elmira forty-five minutes earlier, at 5:05.

—Miss Anna Vincent, of Tioga, has obtained a judgment of $25 against the county, for services rendered last Fall in nursing some typhoid fever patients who were receiving outside relief. The original claim of "Tim Vincent" was $50.

—While several young men employed in the Corning glass works were fooling last Thursday evening, one accidentally struck Wm. Brown in the eye with a red hot iron. Brown lives at Blossburg and will probably lose the sight of the injured member.

—The Good Templars' Lodge at Mansfield has disbanded. A correspondent says: "They met Friday evening and agreed to call it a failure, and the worthy chief celebrated the event next day in a manner by no means creditable to himself or the village."

—Rock Bros. drive at Keeneyville has been purchased by Mr. J. Renben G. Clark, A. J. Smith and his son, M. J. Smith. They are now engaged in the cheese making business. Mr. Clark is a candidate for Poolmaster at Keeneyville and has no opposition.

—The Italians who went to Corning to work on the new gauge railroad which is being built up Tioga form, refused to go to work last Monday and returned to Elmira, having been promised a dollar each Italian give him one dollar per month for having secured their employment.

—One span of the river bridge at Canoe Camp fell a few days ago under the weight of an ox team and a load of lumber. The driver, A. L. Whittaker, being a little distance in advance of his team did not go down with the span. No great amount of damage resulted from the accident.

—An appointment to West Point Military Academy has been received by Mr. Lewis VanHorn. There were several other applicants from Lycoming and Potter counties. The many friends of the young man will be pleased to learn of his good luck. He leaves for West Point, June 17th.

—Petitions have been awarded to the following residents of Tioga county since our last issue: Trustee, Edwin Campbell, Wellsboro; James W. Putman, Knoxville; Rufus A. Stanton, Westfield. Dr. William A. Rice, Little Marsh. Original widows, etc.—Francis Capps, minor of Lewis Capps, Wellsboro.

—Lawrenceville was badly flooded on Tuesday by the overflowing of the Cowanesque river. Water poured into Main street from four points. Many cellars were filled, but the flood did not get into any of the houses. The Tioga river was not over its banks and lacked four feet of being as high as at the time of the June freshet.

—While asleep last Monday night John Hughes, an old resident of Blossburg, arose from his bed and walked out of an open window on the second floor of his dwelling. He fell a distance of twelve feet, but escaped to relate no bones were broken. Owing to his age, however, the shock was very severe, and it will be some time before he recovers from its effects.

—One of our exchanges says that farmers find plowing very hard work this Spring. Three and four horses are required to do the work ordinarily done by two. The reason undoubtedly is, that the ground has not been frozen as deeply as in other Winters, and thawing failed to disintegrate the soil to the depth of the furrow. Instead of being pulverized, the soil has been packed.

—The death of Mrs. Abiathar Swope occurred Monday forenoon at the home of her son-in-law, Mr. W. R. Trull, on Mercer street. Deceased was 53 years of age and was a native of this county. About a year ago she was fascinated with a persuasive discourse, during the Winter she suffered an attack of the grip from which she never recovered. The funeral was held from the residence of Mr. Trull at 10 o'clock yesterday forenoon.

[illegible]

—Dr. C. V. Elliott has just completed drilling for water on his premises at Mansfield. The well is by far the largest in this section, being 8 inches in diameter and will flow 5 gallons per minute.

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—The death of Mrs. Abiathar Swope occurred Monday forenoon at the home of her son-in-law, Mr. W. R. Trull, on Mercer street. Deceased was 53 years of age and was a native of this county. About a year ago she was fascinated with a persuasive discourse, during the Winter she suffered an attack of the grip from which she never recovered. The funeral was held from the residence of Mr. Trull at 10 o'clock yesterday forenoon.

[illegible]

—A fitting illustration is one that requires no explanation. A is in debt to B for what he owes and to whom he owes it. [illegible] is a debtor for every one who refuses to answer. It can be said to be [illegible] all the information the census taker gets as the result of questions of this character will be of little value, if not no fine. Few persons will be able to recollect what they owe or to whom. "Don't recollect it" will be the reply generally. In a vast majority of instances it will be a truthful one.

Secretary Edge, of the State Board of Agriculture, has issued a circular embracing the subjects to be discussed at the meeting to be held in this borough on June 11th and 12th. Governor Beaver will be among those who will attend. Addresses will be delivered on the following subjects: "The Road Laws of Pennsylvania," by Senator Packer, "State Aid for Public Roads," by S. R. Down ing, West Chester, "Suggestions to Law makers of the State Regarding Public Roads," by Frederick Jackel, of Blair.

A Blossburg correspondent says: Two of our respectable citizens indulged in a slugging match on Main street on Tuesday evening of last week. The quarrel arose out of some difficulty in regard to a line fence. After pounding each other for some time the men were separated. They then commenced to hurl vile epithets at one another, while one of our justices of the peace looked on. Many inquiries for the policeman were made by the crowd, but strange to say he failed to make his appearance."

—Mr. Dan F. Cole, of this borough, was brutally assaulted last Thursday at Cammal station, where he is engaged in lumbering, by two log drivers named Chaffee and Furman. Mr. Cole was on the same train with the lumbermen, and they began using vile and indecent language in the presence of lady passengers when Mr. Cole remonstrated with them. This angered Chaffee and Furman, and as Mr. Cole stepped off the coach at Cammal they pounced upon him and beat and kicked him in a shocking manner. Warrants have been issued for the arrest of the cowardly cuss.

—In referring to the discovery of oil at Tioga Junction and Fishtrap this Lawrenceville *Herald* says: "Further investigation, however, reveals the fact that anything like crude oil has been found at Fishtrap and above the Junction, on the road leading to the Summit, in Jackson township. We understand it will be made known if it is then the facts as to the existence of oil in this vicinity. Lawrenceville is located within the limits of the oil region belt, and on the farms of many but little doubt exists but what oil could be found here if the necessary labors should be made."

—A Blossburg correspondent says the ceremonies performing and relecting to the consecration of a statue of the Blessed Virgin, which occurred at St. Andrew's Catholic Church, Sunday afternoon, were decidedly interesting and impressive and were witnessed by an immense crowd of people. A large statue of the Virgin was placed in the yard of the parochial school during the church. While the statue was being placed in position the choir, led by the Tioga Regimental Band, rendered some very appropriate selections. The ceremonies were under the direction of Rev. Fr. Connelly.

—The corrected time tables of the Fall Brook Coal Company and the A. & P. railroads will be found on the first page. There are several changes in the time of the arrival and departure of trains from this station. Train No. 8 leaves here ten minutes earlier, 7:05 a. m., instead of 7:15. No. 10 leaves at 11:45 a. m., instead of 11:50. No. 6 leaves at 3:50 p. m., the same as before. There is no change in time of arrival of Nos. 1 and 3—12:15 and 6:10 p. m. No. 7, the evening train, arrives at 7:20, instead of 8:05, forty-five minutes earlier. No change of time of the passenger trains on the Pine Creek division.

—The following [illegible] editors is taken from the Williamsport *Breakfast Table*: "An editor is a man. He can bear more ridicule than any other man alive or dead, and they never die in a lunatic asylum. They often die in poverty as well as in jail. There are many kinds of editors, poor, rich, handsome, homely, good, bad, shrewd, ignorant, civilized, semi-civilized, barbaric, lying, single, city, managing, telegraphic, financial and many other kinds. Then there is the fighting editor. Many good citizens go to him to have their hair combed. They generally get it and then sue the editor for libel and pay the costs."

—An exchange truthfully remarks that it is worth remembering that no newspaper is printed especially for one person. People who become greatly displeased with something they find in a newspaper should remember that the very thing that displeases them most, only the thing that will most please somebody that has just as much interest in the paper as they have. It takes all kinds of people to make a world, we are told, and the makings of a newspaper are made up of the elements of the world. A man may have a dislike for tobacco, but he is not foolish enough to complain of his grocery man because he keeps it for sale.

—Assistant Secretary Bussey has rendered a decision in a peculiar pension case. Henry C. Bird, late of the Nineteenth Pennsylvania Volunteers, deserted soon after being drafted, but was arrested and brought back to the regiment. During the Wilderness campaign Bird contracted a pensionable disability. His application was rejected; however, on the ground that he had been sentenced by a court martial to commute the term of service and was therefore not in the line of duty. An appeal was taken to the Assistant Secretary, who reversed the decision, holding that Bird was a prisoner of war, and that the fact of his being in confinement in a prison

[illegible]

REDUCING THE CAPACITY.

[illegible] Work at the Glass Factory.

The fire in one of the furnaces at the glass factory was drawn last Friday, leaving the capacity of the furnace at only six pots. An office of the company in conversation with a GAZETTE representative said this step had been rendered necessary by reason of a scarcity of blown and gathered ware. For [illegible] the company had been melting glass at a loss. That is when both fires were in operation more glass was melted than could be used, and this had to dipped from the pots and melted over. Many of the men were unreliable by reason of intemperance and shiftless habits and could not be depended upon at a critical time, hence it was owing to this and the trouble to get good men that the fire in one of the furnaces was drawn. The gentleman, however, was free to admit that the past management of the factory had caused many good mechanics to hesitate about coming to Wellsboro. They had been unable to obtain any guarantee of permanent employment. This, together with the irregular and unsatisfactory manner in which work had been conducted last year, had prevented the present management from getting a supply of good, reliable men.

The gentleman did not wish to be understood as saying that all of the present force was composed of unreliable men. On the contrary, there were many good, sober and industrious mechanics at work, but there was not a sufficient number of them to operate the twelve pots without the assistance of the intemperate class mentioned. At present the factory was manufacturing a superior quality of glass, though the number of boxes would now be limited to about 1,700 per month. He was of the opinion that all the factories under the control of the United Glass Company would shut down about June 1st, though as yet no definite time had been fixed.

In referring to the proposed factory at Elmira, the gentleman said the scheme had fallen through. The Board of Trade of that city was responsible for this, as it had asked too much of the man who proposed establishing the plant. The Elmira people wanted to put up $14,000 and furnish the site for the works. As an offset to this they demanded that the glass men put up $30,000, and sign an agreement whereby they would produce so much glass the first year and enlarge the capacity of the works as the exigencies of that time. Other places had offered to do a great deal better by the company, and it is quite probable that the factory will be located at Gaffney in the interior of New York State.

An employee of the factory tells a different story. He alleges that the men are not to blame for the existing state of affairs. He says that when the factory was started at the beginning of the present year there were plenty of first-class men at work, but mismanagement, causing the breaking of many pots and greatly delaying work, discouraged the men, and several hundred workmen left for other and more favorable fields. There was no trouble in securing good men provided the factory was properly managed, so that steady work could be obtained.

Landslide and Muddy Water.

ON Wednesday evening of last week No. 65, a coal train on the Pine Creek railroad, [illegible] near Blackwell's. The huge locomotive left the track turned completely over and landed in the bed of the creek. The engineer and fireman escaped with a few slight bruises by jumping from the engine shortly before it struck the slide. The train was badly broken up and several cars were wrecked. The slide covered the track about 60 yards to the depth of five feet. It is said to have been caused by the immense fall of rain. Last Sunday morning, soon after the track had been cleared, another slide occurred at the same place, blocking the road badly and impeding traffic until some time Tuesday. The heavy fall of water on Monday and Monday night [illegible] streams to such an extent that all traffic on the Fall Brook was suspended Tuesday. Below Lawrenceville the tracks were under water and at Mitchellton the rails were covered by six feet of sand and gravel, washed down by the little rills which had been united into coaching torrents by the force of the storm.

The Miners Resume Work.

A meeting of striking miners was to have been held in the opera house at Blossburg last Thursday afternoon, but owing to the immense crowd in attendance was adjourned to a vacant lot on the hill side. After the committees from Arnot, Morris Run, Fall Brook and Antrim had presented their reports relative to the demands they had made and a Polish representative had interpreted the reports to his own class of people, Master Workman W. B. Wilson made a short address. A relief committee from each town was appointed and the following resolutions unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the miners of the whole county ask for the restoration of the last reduction.

Resolved, That the miners of Tioga county remain idle until the whole of their demands in this county be granted, and that no place return to work until all receive this advance.

In Hymen's Bonds.

An interesting event took place yesterday afternoon at one o'clock at the home of Mr. C. J. Wheeler, on Meade street. It was the marriage of Miss S. Blanche, his eldest daughter, to Mr. F. S. Black, a well-known young business man of this place. The ceremony was performed by Rev. E. H. Cornell, of the First Presbyterian church [illegible] The happy couple left on the afternoon train for a visit to Niagara Falls and other places. They expect to be absent about ten days. The GAZETTE extends congratulations.

Who Will Succeed Prof. Sheely?

Thirty-five applications for the position of Principal of the Wellsboro Public Schools were received by the Board of School Directors at the meeting held last Monday evening. Most of the applicants reside in Connecticut, Massachusetts, Ohio and distant points. The Board also received numerous petitions for subordinate positions. Action on these applications, however, will not be taken until the next meeting of the Board on the evening of June 24, at which time the school [illegible] will be elected. It is understood that the [illegible] for the position [illegible] Mr. B. F. C. [illegible] of the Normal School, for the [illegible] to the position of Principal [illegible]

PAROLE CONVICTS ESCAPE.

Out on Their Parole and the City at Their Mercy.

Last Friday two parole convicts of the Elmira Reformatory, William O'Connor and H. B. Hill, were allowed to go to the city for the afternoon. Not returning at the appointed time Keeper Hildebrant went to the city to look them up. He discovered that they had secured a livery rig and had left for the State line. They were pursued and overhauled near the Millerton depot. The convicts were ordered to halt, but they refused. Several shots were then fired by the officers, when O'Connor surrendered and was taken to the Millerton lock-up. The other prisoner took to the woods and escaped. Keeper Hildebrant then offered a reward of $25 for the capture of the escaped convict. A large crowd of farmers and residents of Millerton turned out armed with shotguns, rifles and revolvers, and a hunt for Hill was commenced. The woods were scoured for a considerable distance, but their efforts proved fruitless and they gave up the search.

Constable E. A. Retan brought O'Connor to this borough on the evening train and lodged him in jail. On Saturday afternoon Constable Retan left for his home at Millerton. As the train drew into the station at Tioga he saw a man standing on the porch of the Brooklyn hotel whom he recognized as Hill, the convict who escaped in the woods. Mr. Retan left the train and at once sought the assistance of Constable John Adams. The officers then proceeded to the Brooklyn hotel and arrested Hill. He stoutly denied that he was the man wanted, and loudly denounced the officers for the great injustice done him when they placed a pair of iron bracelets on his wrists.

Hill claimed that he was a United States detective, and exhibited a silver badge to verify his statement. Notwithstanding his protestations of innocence and dire threats for detaining a U. S. official, Constable Retan took the prisoner and boarded train No. 3 for this borough. During the trip to this place Hill requested several times that he be allowed to get off at one of the stations and telegraph Chief Bynes at New York. This request, however, was denied. When the train arrived at Stokesdale Junction Hill refused to change cars, and said that he was going to Williamsport. Constable Retan called for aid, and with the assistance of Mr. Robert Dartt the prisoner was transferred to the local train. He was safely landed at Wellsboro, and when placed in jail he completely collapsed as he realized that he was locked up with a convict with "Well, Hill, they've got you."

O'Connor is about twenty years of age and Hill is twenty-five. Officer Hildebrant drove from Millerton to this place on Sunday, but both prisoners refused to return with him without a requisition. It is said that inasmuch as they are paroled convicts they cannot be taken back to prison from this State. An Elmira paper says that Governor Hill will probably refuse to sign a requisition for the return of the convicts, on the ground that in running away they violated no law. The offense than a breach of trust. An important point may be raised.

FLOOD NOTES.

[illegible] by the Storm.

An Elkland correspondent says the flood of last week Tuesday did not equal that of June, a year ago, but many of the people fled to the hills, awaiting the subsiding of the seething waters. The *Journal* says several bridges were carried away and the road washed out on Thornbottom creek. There were several bad washouts on the Fall Brook road and travel was suspended all day Wednesday. The A. & P. road had a washout near Seltzerville, but trains ran on time between Addison and Wellsville.

The Millerton *Advocate* says: "The water must have literally fallen in sheets, for the creek rose in a short time at the rate of a foot a minute, and filled its banks in about the time required to tell of it. There was only a light shower here, and west of the village Hammond's creek was almost clear and not raised to any great extent. Our Caton neighbors evidently got a thorough drenching. At Pine City and other points down the plank road it is stated that buildings were moved, dwellings, stores and hotels flooded and other damage done."

A Westfield correspondent says: "From appearances there must have been a cloud burst on the headwaters of Mill creek. At 5:30 o'clock the creek was as low as usual and about 6:10 it was running over its banks. It swept everything before it and took out the A. & P. bridge just below the depot, carrying away quite a large piece of sidewalk and made things lively in general for a few minutes. All trains on the A. & P. railroad were abandoned on Wednesday south of Westfield. So farmers should hear from farms in this vicinity were not damaged to any great extent."

Nauvoo News Notes.

The cold wet weather has greatly retarded farm work, and but few of the farmers in this section have ventured to plant corn. But little damage was done by the heavy frosts of last week. Grass and grain looks well, and from the present indications we will have a large crop of both. The prospects for a heavy yield of fruit are also very favorable.

Mr. George Adams recently lost a valuable horse by sickness.

Mrs. Libbie Russell is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Maneval. Mrs. Russell's home is in the West.

Miss Mary Cherry, of Clearfield, has been visiting her sister, Mrs. W. W. Seaman.

T. W. M.

Scraps From Arbing.

[illegible]

THE WORK OF HUMAN BRUTES.

Two Young Men Lay in Wait and Beat Their Companion Nearly to Death.

Mysteriously Disappeared, Worst Fears Are Entertained.

An Addison correspondent gives the following particulars of a revolting crime at Woodhull, N. Y.: "A most atrocious crime was recently committed at Woodhull, a place nine miles south of Addison. Details and particulars are very scarce, but it appears that two young wretches, one by the name of Judd, who is a ringleader, enticed two small boys into the woods and there began in a degree of pure devilry, hardly to be surpassed in the annals of crime, a surgical operation, but, becoming frightened, did not finish the act. The boys went home, and, under fear of threats made by Judd's friends, dared not tell what had happened, until growing weak from the loss of blood were compelled to tell their parents, and medical aid was immediately summoned. This matter has been kept as quiet as possible in the hope that it could be settled.

It is understood that the sum of five hundred dollars has been offered to hush the affair. If everything is true as stated in the foregoing account, severe punishment should be dealt out to the perpetrators of the crime. Judd was brought before Justice Eugene Wade on Saturday and was bound over to the grand jury."

Some Westfield Waifs.

The 4-year-old son of H. H. Jacobs fell in the mill race the other day and floated down stream several rods, before he was discovered and fished out by his parents, nearly drowned.

A little son of Horace Weaver broke one of his arms a few days ago by falling from a pile of lumber at the sash and blind factory.

Westfield is to celebrate the Fourth of July in a good old-fashioned manner.

The large tannery of H. H. Olney & Co. has been shut down for repairs. A new arch is being built.

Westfield now has two printing offices. The job office of J. F. Rugabar is turning out quite an amount of work.

George Bulkley has resigned his position in Holcomb's drug store, and has purchased an outfit for silver and gold plating. JOB.

BORN.

LUTHER.—At Mansfield, Pa., May 8, 1890, to the wife of Mr. C. C. Luther, a son.

VANVALTON.—At Lamb's Creek, Pa., May 12, 1890, to the wife of Mr. R. H. VanValton, a son.

MARRIED.

FRENCH—SCOTT.—At Tioga, N. Y., May 14, 1890, by Rev. E. Webber, Rev. M. John French and Miss Frankie Scott, both of Elkland, Pa.

GRAY—BARNHARTVILE.—At Wellsboro, Pa., May 19, 1890, by J. H. Shaw, Esq., Jacob C. Gray and Miss C. Barnhartvile, both of Mansfield, Pa.

FRONING—BOSTICK.—At Tonawanda, N.Y., April 30, 1890, by Rev. A. J. Ward, Mr. Geo. F. Froning and Miss Zora Bostick, both of Westfield, Pa.

[illegible]

DIED.

ATKINS.—At Millerton, Pa., May 12, 1890, Jacob Atkins, aged about 16 years.

HAMMOND.—In Wellsboro, Pa., May 8, 1890, Mr. Oliver L. Hammond, aged 64 years.

HALL.—At Nelson, Pa., May 2, 1890, Miss Mary E. Hall, aged 17 years, 11 months and 8 days.

MURDOCK.—At Potter Brook, Pa., May 8, 1890, of pneumonia, Mr. Oliver Murdock, aged 55 years.

ALBERT.—In Chatham, Pa., May 16, 1890, of Bright's disease, Mr. Norman L. Albert, aged 63 years.

[illegible]

Mr. Cowles Hotchkiss, in his 88th year.

The funeral was held on Friday, May 24, at the Niles Valley Church, and was largely attended. Rev. A. G. Cole, of Tioga Marsh, conducted the services, and by request of the deceased his remains were laid beside his last wife in the cemetery at Niles Valley. Mr. Hotchkiss was married three times. His first wife was a Miss Shoff, his second a daughter of Jim Abbott, one of the old settlers of Middlebury, and they were the parents of several children. His last wife was Mrs. Ellen Carpenter, a sister of H. S. Wedge, of Niles Valley. He was a kind father, a quiet, peaceable man, and a good Christian. He will be greatly missed from the house where he has been so kindly cared for by Mrs. James Carpenter. C. M. S.

Middlebury Center, Pa., May 19, 1890.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—*U. S. Government Report*, Aug. 17, 1889.

A working woman said she would walk ten miles to get the Ball corset, if she couldn't get it without. She had had experience with it.

That corset is just as easy the minute you put it on as it is when half worn out.

You can come to our store and get it and wear it two or three weeks, and then you will know what comfort is in a corset. If you are disappointed in it in any way, come back to us and get your money within three weeks or so you'll get it. The maker pays us to do that.

We [illegible] agent for Corsets for [illegible] the store.

TRACY [illegible]

The Perfect Wonder

[illegible]

DETROIT [illegible]

THRESHING MACHINES [illegible]

MATHERS, GRAVES & CO., LTD.

A WEDDING OUTFIT for $200

A VALUABLE ARTICLE IN THE MAY NUMBER OF

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The Natural Comedian

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IN HIS ORIGINAL COMEDY.

UNCLE RUBE

PLAY THAT PLEASES EVERYBODY

SUPPORTED BY HOME TALENT.

ANNANDALE HALL, WELLSBORO.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday Evenings,

MAY 29, 30 & 31, 1890.

Music by Wilson's Orchestra. Admission, 25 cents. Reserved seats, 35 cents. Tickets for sale at Spalding's drug store.

Strawberries, Pine Apples, Bananas, Oranges and Lemons, Early Vegetables, OF ALL KINDS, AT

Milliken & Pardee's,

102 MAIN ST.

Something New and Fresh nearly every day.

We have a fine lot of York State Potatoes, Early Rose and White Star. Just what you want for seed, and are the finest cookers that have been in the market.

You like good Tea and Coffee. If so give ours a trial and we will convince you that we can furnish you with a quality for the price as any dealer.

Remember we bake [illegible] Biscuit, Rolls, Cakes, [illegible] daily. Special attention [illegible] for Parties, Weddings, [illegible]

MILLIKEN [illegible]

PARLOR SHOE STORE

JAS. A. HOVEY

SUMMER PRICE LIST OF THE Cleanfast Black Hosiery

Stock No.

10.—Infants' long stockings. Sizes, 4, 4½, 5, 5½, price, 25 cents.

41.—Misses' and Children's Derby ribbed. Sizes, 6, 6½, 7, 7½, 8, 8½, 30 cents; sizes, 9, 9½, 35 cents.

42.—Boys' heavy ribbed. Sizes, 8, 8½, 35 cents; sizes, 9, 9½, 10, 40 cents.

124.—Misses' and Children's ribbed, double knee. Sizes, 5, 5½, 50 cents; sizes, 6, 6½, 55 cents; sizes, 7, 7½, 60 cents; 8, 8½, 65 cents; 9, 9½, 70 cents.

491.—Misses' and Children's, light weight, fine gauge. Sizes, 5, 5½, 55 cents; 6, 6½, 60 cents; 7, 7½, 65 cents; 8, 8½, 70 cents; 9, 9½, 75 cents.

51.—Ladies' medium French, extra length. Sizes, 8 to 10, 30 cents.

515.—Ladies' medium French, [illegible]

535.—[illegible]

575.—[illegible]

70.—Men's [illegible]

707.—[illegible]

727.—Men's light weight [illegible] Sizes, [illegible] 75 cents.

We are sole agents for Tioga county for the Cleanfast Hosiery. Every pair is warranted not to crock, and we will refund the money if they stain the feet or fade in washing.

With the addition of 4 cents per pair we will send by mail any of the above stockings, and if not perfectly satisfactory will return your money.

Write stock number and size plainly. [illegible] Oct [illegible] fine or [illegible]

MATHERS, GRAVES & CO., LTD.

Wellsboro Gazette.

THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1890.

The Mystic Key.

Every heart has its secret key,
Pure as its natal day;
Though by sin and sorrow's folds
Hidden from the world away.

Though the ce[illegible] of years,
Reaching to the tender part,
House's sweet name will start the tears,
And unlock the secret heart.

—*Letter Home Journal.*

From "Apparent Failure."

"It's wiser being good than bad;—
It's safer being meek than fierce;
It's better being sane than mad.
My own hope is a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;
That after I have reached the first
Though a wide compass round be fetched
That what began best, can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once prove accursed."

—*Rob. Browning.*

THE MYSTERIOUS FLUTIST.

Last January, on the first evening that a light snow carpeted the roofs of Paris, a closed carriage rolled along the boulevards spinning like a zebra. It was so jogged with trunks that you would have thought an actress was starting on a journey.

Worse. Within was a valetudinarian, large and fat, one of those women a trifle disturbed, and who think their food day of reckoning is near when they have a cold in the head. This, imaginative he had weak lungs. So at the approach of cold weather he retired muffled with furs and fled to Nice.

He was a bachelor. Although he could have married at any time, for he had 100,000 francs in stocks, and therefore suited many young ladies, he had been unwilling to dispose of his right hand. Next to himself, the one he loved best was the cook—not for herself, but for her cooking. No one took better care of No. 1. Under no circumstances would he have disturbed himself to do a favor. He would not have lent 5 sous to his father in the street, for it would have been necessary to unbutton his overcoat to take out his purse.

He was indeed the most extravagant crank to be met with. His most insignificant acts were on system; he slept, rose, ate, smoked, and took medicine with his watch in hand. Many curious stories were told at his expense. For instance, he was so nervous, so irritable, that he detested the songsters in the court-yards. The porter had to drive them away with a broom. To persons who persisted in singing in the street he quickly threw a half-franc on condition that they would leave. Now every time the porter lacked the price of a drink he put on a false beard and went under the window, tapping on a pan as a prelude to a dance. Immediately a half-franc was forthcoming.

The neighbors had to hold their sides, for there are people who cannot help laughing.

At Nice he always put up at the great United States hotel, where for fifteen years the same magnificent room, well exposed to the sun, had been reserved for his use. It was the only one he fancied, and he occupied it until April 2 at noon precisely, the hour at which he set out for Paris.

His name excited mirth. I will not attempt an explanation, but everybody smiled whenever he was introduced. He was known as M. Jaune.

Now M. Jaune arrived at Nice the day after leaving Paris at 6 o'clock in the evening. He partook of an excellent dinner a bouillabaisse aux langoustes, a fillet marine, a quail, asparagus, and a bottle of Chateau la Rose. With this he hoped not to die with hunger. Then, after having smoked a good cigar to settle his coffee and champagne, he retired to rest.

It was nine o'clock when he escoaced himself in bed. He extinguished the light, and stretched himself out, anticipating sleep like a dormouse.

But scarcely had he dropped into a doze when a flute was heard in the next apartment playing the air from Faust:

"Let, oh, let me gaze upon thy face!"

The tone was sweet and silvery, so the first impression was charming; but the flutist sadded the melody at the fourth measure and repeated it several times, and then rested for five minutes and resumed in like manner, stopping at the same point.

"What in the matter with him?" said M. Jaune to himself.

The other continued without a sign of trouble.

At the fifth rehearsal, as there is nothing so agreeable as not to weary at the end, M. Jaune tapped on the partition wall. The flute was silent. Satisfied he took a potation from his night-table and closed his eyes. It was 10 o'clock. The hotel was almost empty, the greater part of the guests not having yet come in. Suddenly the peaceful silence was broken by the flute.

"Let, oh, let me gaze upon thy face!"

M. Jaune grew excited.

"Whew! He is getting to be a nuisance. If this is for an extra attraction I will dispense with it."

He tapped loudly and cried out:

"Will you stop? If you don't I'll gaze upon your face pretty soon!"

When M. Jaune got angry he forgot the dictates of politeness. There was silence again, and he began to get drowsy.

Suddenly:

"Let, oh, let me gaze upon thy face!"

"Fie! The mean scamp!"

He rang for the chamber-maid.

"Who is this idiot of a flutist whom I have for a neighbor?" he asked.

"A flutist!" she exclaimed with a vacant air. "Why, M. Jaune, you are dreaming. The chamber is empty."

M. Jaune dared not reply. The surmise obtruded itself that perhaps he was beginning to have delusions. Besides, so long as the chambermaid was at hand the flutist could not be heard. But scarcely was she gone when crack:

"Let, oh, let me gaze upon thy face!"

And so on about one minute. M. Jaune fiou[illegible] sank under the d[illegible]

"Ask your sister to come here."

M. Favioli hurried up.

"Listen, pray," said M. Jaune.

M. Favioli endeavored to hold his breath. Of a sudden two philandering cats set up a caterwauling on the balcony.

"I hear only two cats talking love to each other," said M. Favioli.

"I hear them, too," M. Jaune chimed in. "Be patient! The flute will begin again."

M. Favioli held his breath.

Suddenly, crack, the flute!

"Let, oh, let me gaze upon thy face!"

M. Jaune, in agitation, struck against the wall, while M. Favioli burst into loud laughter.

"I have it, M. Jaune—I have it. I present you to the artist. Please follow me."

He took a light, and opening Mme. Kissmicouick's door with his pass key he pointed to a cage on the table in which a bird similar to some blackbirds was moving his head about and singing without a semblance of fear.

"That is Mme. Kissmicouick's flute, M. Jaune, an Australian warbler. These birds learn an air perfectly and in the night equal the nightingale.

"Somewhat calmer for it was fully to get angry with a bird M. Jaune said:

"Propose to the lady to sell it to me. Go as high as 500 francs, if I may have the satisfaction of wringing its neck."

"Well, M. Jaune, I will speak to her this evening."

M. Favioli complied with his promise, but Mme. Kissmicouick sent him walking.

"Five hundred francs!" she cried. "I think as much of it as a Chinaman of his pigtail. Say to that fellow that I will not sell my bird for $500, for it is a souvenir of my husband."

The word "fellow" touched M. Jaune's sensibility; he grew red in the face and threatened retaliation.

As Mme. Kissmicouick was accustomed to sleep from 2 to 5 o'clock in the afternoon he scraped on a violin, 200 times in succession, the first four measures of "Returning from the Review."

Unfortunately for his plan Mme. Kissmicouick was deaf of one ear. She lay on the other and slept with the serenity of a mummy.

In the evening, still in a perspiration, delighted with having allayed the bird, if not the mistress, he promised himself a fine sleep.

But hark! Suddenly in the silence, crack! you have it. No, you don't have it.

The bird, which had it appeared, a prodigious memory, began to sing, "Returning from the Review," without prejudice. Instead of one annoyance M. Jaune had two.

Under such provocation he stole with the tread of a wolf to Mme. Kissmicouick's door. By chance she had not locked it. He hurried to the cage and with a heart full of bitterness threw into it a biscuit dipped in aventate of potash and tripped back again to his room.

But, far from making away with it, as the cruel lordling hoped, the bird sang twice a minute instead of once, and then as though it had two throats, it warbled the two airs together, "Let Me," and "The Review."

Furious, M. Jaune ran again to the door of the American lady. She had now come in and locked it, but it gave way under the impact of his shoulder.

"Madame," cried he, "your conditions, no matter what they are."

"Indeed, sir" she replied, her face suffused with blushes, "you have broken into my domicile with a high hand. Save my honor! Marry me!"

"Beelzebub may take you first!" exclaimed M. Jaune, without any French courtesy.

"Then I shall appeal to the law."

Pestered by the endless troubles which pursued him M. Jaune was finally brought to say:

"I consent if you let me kill her miserable parrot."

"I will hand him over to you willingly on the day of the nuptials, dear M. John." She thought that his name was John instead of Jaune.

M. Jaune led Mme. Kissmicouick to the alter in a few days afterward.

"I will be so disagreeable," said he to himself, "that she can not endure me and will hurry off to her own country."

Now, on returning from the review—excuse me, I mean from the church—he promised himself the inhuman satisfaction of having the nightingale fricasseed and served with his dinner. Nevertheless Mme. Jaune-Kissmicouick graciously handed him the cage.

Zounds! What a surprise! It was a stuffed bird which a Paris artisan had mounted as a singing-bird. In order to keep the wheels from rusting it lacked sound it up a[illegible] before going out.

The other nightingale, which M. Jaune had taught to sing the "Review," was that of Miss Whiterose at No. 6.

In face of such contempt M. Jaune has entered a complaint to annul the marriage for error of person—or rather for error of bird.—*Translated from the French for the San Francisco Call.*

A Geographical Delusion.

It has been known for some time, says the N. Y. *Sun*, that Capt. Binger in his remarkable journey across the unexplored Mandingo county in west Africa was unable to find the great Kong mountains, which for many years have been the most conspicuous feature in the maps of that region. They were represented as extending for hundreds of miles east and west, parallel with the northern shores of the Gulf of Guinea, and were supposed to be the dividing line between the rivers that empty into the gulf and those which flow north to the Niger. It was not until Binger's return to Europe, however, that his conclusive proofs of the mythical character of those famous mountains were submitted to the geographers. The Kong mountains now remain only as a conspicuous instance of a great geographical delusion, innocently introduced upon the maps by an illustrious explorer and perpetuated for generations.

Long before Binger, on his southward journey from the Niger, arrived at the city of Kong, which he was the first Europ[illegible] to visit, he was con[illegible] the mighty Kong range [illegible] Baule, the largest [illegible] and [illegible] flow [illegible] to the Lam[illegible] Gulf of [illegible]

[illegible] Tuesday [illegible] Mme. Kissmicouick of the United States and at No. 6 is Miss Whiteroses of London.

I regret that there is a flutist at No. 10. Perhaps the lady thrusts him into the wardrobe when any one goes in.

I beg your pardon again M. Jaune. Mme. Kissmicouick enjoys an irreproachable reputation. No landlord in Nice would be willing to receive a [illegible] under Mme. Kissmicouick is a married wife. If she flirted it would be a lady, and as she weighs more 200 [illegible] it would not be [illegible] a fault. [illegible] be at [illegible] check. This lady and every one [illegible] the hotel [illegible] and [illegible] all [illegible]

M. Ja[illegible] however, he [illegible] sleep on the pillow [illegible] kiss [illegible]

"Let, oh, let me gaze upon thy face!"

"Fie! The mean scamp!"

[illegible] Let me [illegible]

[illegible]

ABOUT YOUR FALSE TEETH.

Durability of Artificial Teeth and Other Gossip About Teeth.

"How long do false teeth wear?" an experienced dentist was asked the other day by a reporter of the Boston *Herald*.

"You might as well say How long does a suit of clothes wear?" was the reply. "It all depends upon the quality of the teeth and the care of the person who uses them. If a woman bites thread with her artificial molars they are likely to be ruined in a week. On the other hand, I know persons who have worn the same sets for twenty years, and have never been compelled to have them repaired. Sets made of the best material and in the best manner should last a lifetime with proper care."

"What is the proper care of false teeth?"

"Both the plates and the crowns should be removed from the mouth and cleansed every night and morning."

"Do artificial teeth decay?"

"No; they are made of a material which is not subject to decay as the natural teeth is. But at the same time porcelain is not [illegible] and hence an artificial tooth will not stand many hard knocks."

"What is the difference in the durability of high priced and cheap teeth?"

"That is a difficult question. Cheap teeth are made of a material that bears the same relation to that of the best teeth that a common stone china plate does to a Sevres vase. Cheap teeth look like glazed china, and that is about all that some of them are. Now, so long as the glaze lasts the teeth are as strong as those made of the costliest material, and I have known sets costing next to nothing to perform service for many years. They are not so brittle, in act, as those made of the finest porcelain. But the chief superiority of the latter lies in their shape and appearance and in the exactitude with which they are fitted to the gums."

"What is the best sort of plate?"

"One made of gold. But black rubber is just about as durable, only it is harder to keep perfectly clean."

"Are complete sets of artificial teeth not uncommon?"

"Partial sets are more frequently seen but complete sets are by no means unusual."

"Who wear the most false teeth—men or women?"

"Women, by long odds. I don't think the result is due alone to vanity, however, although that may have something to do with it. The chief reason is that the natural teeth of women are not as good and strong as those of men, and, therefore, have to be more frequently replaced by artificial teeth."

Isabella, the Vagabond Queen.

It is difficult to understand why the Spaniards, proud, sensitive people, should have submitted so long to a Queen whom they could not respect. Her good-natured, happy-go-lucky nature seemed to cast a charm over them; they could follow so easily all the workings of her mind, whether, with childish petulancy, she was reproaching her Ministers with betraying her, or confessing with remorse she had wronged them. If her sins were open, so was her repentance. Year by year, when Holy Week came round, this woman, who for the other fifty-one weeks had been out raging every law human and divine, kneeled in church for the hour together, and, with loud sobs and groans, proclaimed her sorrow for the past, her resolution to make atonement in the future. Her subjects, seeing her sorrow, sorrowed too, and when Easter-Day arrived were as convinced as she was that a new era of her life was at hand. The Maundy Thursday ceremony never failed to win for her hearty adherents. She washed the feet of the beggars with such manifest zeal; spoke to them such kindly, loving words; served the food as if she thought it a privilege to do so, and, at the close of the feast, cleared the table with a dexterity that showed her heart was in her work. Her splendid robes—she always wore full court dress upon these occasions—seemed to enhance the touching humility of her attitude, and, although the free-thinking part of the community scoffed at what they called the Popish mummery of the whole affair, that was not the feeling with which the bulk of the population regarded it. One year, while she was serving at the table, a diamond fell from her head-dress on to the plate of one of the beggars. A dozen hands were stretched out to restore the jewel, but the Queen motioned to the man to keep it, remarking simply: "It has fallen to him by lot." The generosity was unbounded, it was not to be expected that a beggar, while the eye of a Queen fell upon him, would make a firm stand against her Ministers was insisting upon her right to exercise mercy, and the hardest struggle she ever had with them was apropos of a pardon granted at the request of Bismarck. A Queen has many chances of doing little gracious acts, and Isabella never failed to seize each one as it came in her way, not, however, for the sake of winning popularity, but simply to follow the bent of her own nature, which, as she showed the other day, is still unchanged. For she of all Paris was the first to remember that Prado's victim needed help and comfort.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

Duck-Legged Dudes.

A couple of duck-legged dudes got into a Brook street car the other day and broke the rules of the company and insulted ladies in the car by filling it with the filthy fumes of cigarette smoke. An old negro woman carrying a bundle got into the car at Second street and was about to take her seat, when she looked around and, eyeing the dudes for a minute, fanned the smoke away from in front of her face with her open hand and said: "Say, little boys, if you'll fro' dem ar weeds away yer suckin' I'll gin yer or dime ter buy seegars wid; dey makes me feel sick at de stummick, an' I'd rudder ride than walk. The 'little boys' didn't take the dime, but they took the hint, pulled the strap, stopped the car and got out. "Sum white folks chil'en don't know nuffin'," said the old woman as she lowered the window, and the car moved on.—*Louisville Times.*

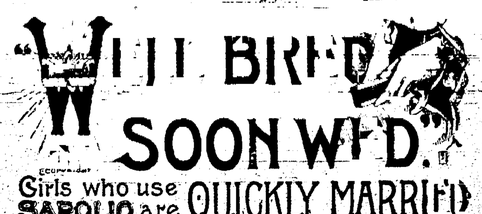
CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"C[illegible] well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Archer, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

The Centaur Company, 102 Fulton Street, N. Y.



Girls who use SAPOLIO are QUICKLY MARRIED

SAPOLIO is one of the best known city luxuries and each time a cake is used an hour is saved. On floors, tables and painted work it acts like a charm. For scouring pots, pans and metals it has no equal. If your store-keeper does not keep it you should insist upon his doing so, as it always gives satisfaction and its immense sale all over the United States makes it an almost necessary article to any well supplied store. Everything shines after its use, and even the children delight in using it in their attempts to help around the house.

A STORY FULL OF SMILES!

A Humorous Serial; and Yet a Story with a Strong Plot, Full of Incident and Interesting Characters.

Mr. Fielding is one of the brightest and cleanest humorous writers in America. His fun is pure and natural, and the comic situations into which, in this charming tale, his characters are often placed are certainly very amusing.

It is seldom that we have the pleasure of offering to our readers such a literary treat as this story is certain to be.

We have, however, secured the right to run

"THE VICTIM OF HIS CLOTHES"

in these columns and the opening chapters will shortly appear.

We bespeak for this story a hearty reception at the hands of all our readers and at the same time would modestly ask them to not forget the enterprising publisher and editor who spares no labor nor expense to give them the best home paper in the State. Tell your friends about the kind of paper we publish and have them send in their subscriptions at once. We appreciate the good word kindly spoken; but in any event propose to lose no opportunity to still further increase the excellency of this journal.

WATCH FOR THE FIRST INSTALLMENT!

You Can't Afford to Miss a Treat Like This.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here we make our boast. Our pills cure it while others only relieve. Carter's Little Liver Pills are small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge or cause pain. A trial is all we ask. Price 25 cents.

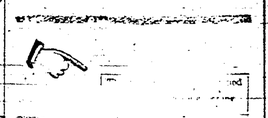
WELLSBORO POULTRY YARDS

Mammoth Light Brahmas

Brown B. Red Games, White and Black Minorcas, White and S. L. Wyandottes.

BEST MATINGS. BEST STRAINS.

Fertile eggs, $1.25 to $2.00 per 13. Send stamp for illustrated circular, giving description of breeds and prices of eggs and stock. Address, CHAS. C. WHEELER, April 17, 1890. Wellsboro, Pa.



Hop Plasters

HOP PLASTER CO. MANUFACTURING BOSTON

SCOTT'S EMULSION DOES CURE CONSUMPTION In Its First Stage.

I CURE FITS!

[illegible]

MEN [illegible]

HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND & TAR

FOR THE CURE OF

Coughs, Colds, Difficult Breathing, and all Affections of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes and Lungs, leading to Consumption.

This infallible remedy is composed of the honey of the plant Horehound, in chemical union with Tar-Balm, extracted from the Lung Principle of the forest tree abies balsamea, or balm of Gilead.

Those who have used it say, that Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar is wonderfully remedial in all cases where the organs of respiration are affected, and that its action is unusually rapid. It contains nothing that can disorder the stomach; it has also an extremely agreeable flavor.

Children derive great benefit from its soothing properties when suffering with croup and whooping cough.

Prices—25c., 50c. and $1 per bottle, largest cheapest.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

C. N. CRITTENTON, Sole Prop'r, N. Y.

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS. Cure in 1 Minute.

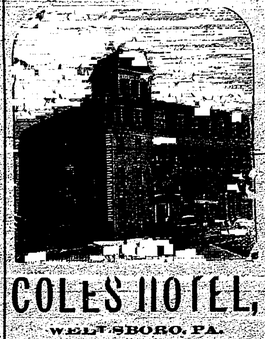
GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP.

The most effective external Remedy extant for the cure of skin diseases, and for beautifying the complexion.

Sold by Druggists, 25c., 3 cakes, 50c.

C. N. CRITTENTON, Proprietor, New York.

Will's Hair and Whisker Dye, Black and Brown, 50c.



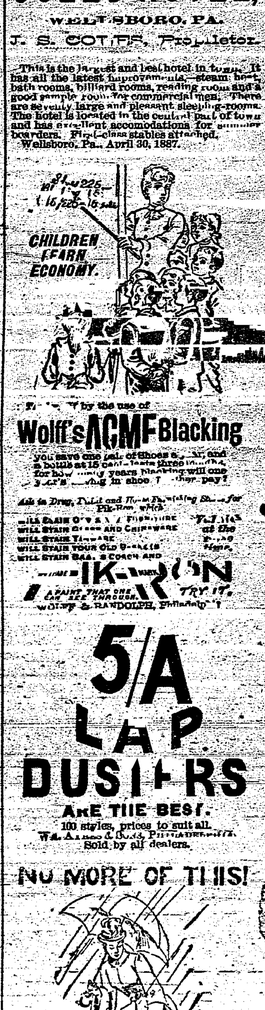
COLES HOTEL,

WELLSBORO, PA.

J. S. COLE, Proprietor.

This is the largest and best hotel in Tioga. It has all the latest improvements, steam heat, bath rooms, billiard rooms, reading rooms and a good people's room for commercial men. There are several large and pleasant sleeping-rooms. The hotel is located in the central part of town and has every convenient accommodation for summer boarders. First-class stables attached.

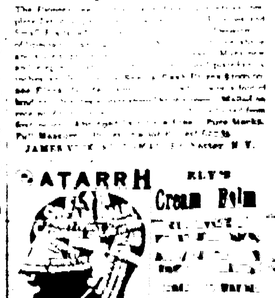
Wellsboro, Pa., April 30, 1887.



Why the use of Wolff's ACME Blacking

5/A LAP DUSTERS ARE THE BEST.

NO MORE OF THIS!



CATARRH Ely's Cream Balm

HAY-FEVER

WIT AND WISDOM.

[illegible] Fair [illegible] and Parliament.

One story and basement—The modern sensational novel.—*Puck.*

A man is happiest when he can forget all the mean things he knows about himself.—*Troy Press.*

It is for its own interest that a mortgage should be allowed to run after it is due.—*Rome Sentinel.*

If some poets learn in suffering what they teach in song, how they must have suffered!—*Time.*

The Government of the fabled Amazons is supposed to have been an Oldtalk-racy.—*Bushnell (Ill.) Record.*

It is said that a man from the Pine Tree State can be told by the pitch of his voice.—*Binghamton Republican.*

It is said that tenors are so conceited that they will even take base flattery to themselves.—*Louisville American.*

That quarrelsome Mrs. Peace is crazy. No wonder, she was always giving somebody a piece of her mind.—*N. Y. Sun.*

It has been judicially decided that corn is free. The juice of it has long been known as a great hester.—*Baltimore American.*

It may be all right to wait for "dead men's shoes," but it is folly to go stamping around barefooted during the interval.—*Time.*

"When a fellow gets mashed on himself," says a talented Roman, "it isn't long before he cuts out everybody else."—*Rome Tribune.*

An editorial is a Boston paper asks: "Must the typewriter go?" From its tone we should judge it was written by the editor's wife.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Mrs. Poke—"I wonder why that chimney doesn't draw?" Mr. Poke—"I suppose, my dear, that it is waiting for somebody to turn the jack."—*Drake's Magazine.*

McCrackle—"That pair of trousers reminds me of the condition of affairs in Europe." McCorkle—"How so?" McCrackle—"It has a worelike aspect."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Baritone at the piano sings, "Kiss me, darling in the spring!" And the fair accompanist murmurs softly. "What's the matter with doing it now?"—*Boston Gazette.*

"Are you making gratifying progress in your literary work?" "O, yes. I've got to the point now where the editors will return my MSS. without my sending stamps."—*The Epoch.*

Somebody estimates that it costs a fond father between $4,000 and $5,000 to bring up a girl—but, bless you! she's worth it when she has been brought up right—*Somerville Journal.*

Two Rutgers students have been suspended and one expelled for removing the clapper from the college bell. It couldn't have been the latter that tolled on them.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Tubbs—"I'm going to send my poem to one of the big magazines." Merrill—"That's considerable trouble. Why don't you put it in an envelope and address it to yourself?"—*N. Y. Sun.*

Customer—"I say, uncle, how long have you had these new-laid eggs in stock?" Rastus—"I dunno exackly, boss. You see, I'se only been wu'kin' heah a month."—*American Grocer.*

Yuast—"What's Smithers playing in now?" Crimsonbeak—"Hamlet." "Does he enter into the spirit of the piece?" "O, yes; he is taking the part of the Ghost."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

The reckless clearing away of forests in New Hampshire is endangering our water supply. This is very alarming, in view of the fact that our other supply is cut off by law."—*Lowell Mail.*

Tommy—"Paw, the paper says that 'Gray's Elegy' is a classic. What is a classic?" Mr. Figg—"A classic? Why, a classic is—a sort of highly respectable chestnut."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Teacher (to dull boy in the class)—"Which New England State has two Capitals?" Boy—"New Hampshire." Teacher—"Indeed! Name them." Boy—"Capital N and capital H."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Grope—"I found an empty pocket-book to-day." Tope—"Great luck! Where did you find it?" Grope—"In a beer saloon." Tope—"That's nothing; I find one there every night."—*Drake's Magazine.*

A Russian Nihilist is now serving as conductor on a dining-car in this country. A Nihilist, once he gets started, is bound to have his fill of carriage, and he doesn't care whether he does it with bombshells or biscuits."—*Washington Post.*

Lawyer (drawing will)—"Your estate, sir, will be worth, at your death, generally supposed." Sick Man—"Yes, but keep that quiet until after the funeral. I want a good show of grief-stricken mourners."—*Chatter.*

"The present riding habit for ladies is more becoming than that for gentlemen," says an exchange. "Well, we would just say so! The gentlemen's riding habit, we believe, is to let the ladies stand up."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Mrs. Wickwire—"Of course I have my faults and failings, but you should be the last man to find them out." Mr. Wickwire—"Well, I suppose I am, but it is too late for the knowledge to be of any use to me."—*Terre Haute Express.*

"What was that awful yell?" said Neersight as he walked along the street with Sharper, who stopped to assist a fallen man to his feet. "O, that was only a banana peal," replied Sharper, who was fond of his little joke.—*Boston Post.*

Wickwire—"I am glad Mudge is about to marry. I hope it will change him. He has been going down hill for some time." Mr. N. Puck—"He won't be any more. It will be an up-hill business after he marries."—*Terre Haute Express.*

"Father," said a Senator's son who had just arrived in Washington, "I fully realize that I have many shortcomings." "Yes, and I have no doubt that this is one of them. You are short and are coming to tell me about it."—*Washington Post.*

Student (writing to his father)—"I beg you, dear father, not for a minute to think that I need this money to pay debts with. I give you my word of honor I want it only for myself, and [illegible] of debts."

Is It True Now.

From a speech by M. Dupew's "liberty centennial speech: For forty years after the Supreme court began its work the fees of lawyers were not so large as they are now. In fact, the most eminent attorneys received no more than $25 for drawing briefs and presenting causes to juries. Those were the happy days for the client. Nearly all lawyers died poor. A rich lawyer was at that time as much of a novelty as a rich literary man is now.

How different at the end of this century! It is a common thing nowadays to hear of attorneys receiving $150,000 for the reorganization of a railroad or for organizing a trust, and the queerest part of it is that his clients look upon him with a respect commensurate with his charges. Moreover, the community applauds the attorney's moderation.

Clients are most illogical. They reason from no known commercial basis. In the early days of my career as a lawyer I wrote an opinion for a client and timidly asked $5 therefor. He grumbled a great deal before paying it. Then he took the opinion to a famous New York advocate to find out whether it was all right. The advocate glanced over it, wrote across the first page the word "correct," and asked $500 for his work. My client paid the sum gladly, and is yet talking about the kindness of the great advocate.

For the first legal paper I ever drew I charged $1.50. A farmer was my client, and he beat me down to $1. Twenty years afterward I wrote a paper precisely similar and received for it $500 with many thanks.

Epoch.

The transition from long, lingering and painful sickness to robust health marks an epoch in the life of the individual. Such a remarkable event is treasured in the memory and the agency whereby the good health has been attained is gratefully blessed. Hence it is that so much is heard in praise of Electric Bitters. So many feel they owe their restoration to health, to the use of the Great Alterative and tonic. If you are troubled with any disease of kidneys, liver or stomach, of long or short standing you will surely find relief by the use of Electric Bitters. Sold at 50c. and $1 per bottle at Geo. M. Spalding's and A. C. Roland's drug store.—No. 2.

—Lewis F. Allen, a well-known stock breeder and agriculturist, died at his home in Buffalo, N. Y., recently.

Facts Worth Knowing.

In all diseases of the nasal mucous membrane the remedy used must be non-irritating. The medical profession has been slow to learn this. Nothing satisfactory can be accomplished with douches, snuffs, powders or syringes because they are all irritating, do not thoroughly reach the affected surfaces and should be abandoned as worse than failures. A multitude of persons—no bad for young, borne all the worry and pain that catarrh can inflict testify to radical cures wrought by Ely's Cream Balm.

—That $1,000 fine imposed on T. E. Davis, owner of Roy Wilkes, at Lexington last Fall goes, and the fast pacer cannot start again until it is paid.

Hark! to the sound of humanity's wails!
Millions of people with aches and with ails.
Headaches and tumors, a careless food,
Weakness of lungs and disorders of blood.
Yet there's a helper that certainly saves.
Thousands of people from premature graves.

The remedy is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures coughs, relieves asthma, checks bronchitis, purifies the blood, heals sores, eruptions and unsightly pimples and is without a rival for all the ills that spring from a disordered liver.

Don't hawk, and blow, and spit, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Of druggists.

—A Hebrew peddler at Allentown was fined $50. Then he had four others arrested for selling without a license, and his share of the fine left him ahead.

Wanted for murder—Time.

Physicians have used Speer's wines, and having applied to it the strictest test known to chemistry, they do not hesitate to pronounce it a pure wine of medium strength, and recommend it to be of great advantage to the aged and infirm, also in low and typhoid fevers Speer's wine will be found very superior.

—The figure of Mr. Beecher, just cast in bronze in New York, is of heroic size, nine feet in height, and will stand on a granite pedestal of about the same height.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Geo. M. Spalding and A. C. Roland, druggists, Wellsboro.—mar 17-1y

—President and Mrs. Harrison will pass the summer at Deer Park, having engaged the cottage they occupied last year.

Tutt's Tutgy Liver Pills best Cough Cure, 25, 50c. 75.
Glenn's Sulphur Soap, Pike's and Lundy's, 25c.
Garrett's Corn Remover kills Corns, Bunions, 25c.
Hill's Hair & Whisker Dye—Black & Brown, 50c.
Wolff's Acme Blacking, Lion Blacking, Acme Blacking, Pilots for men, 25c.

—Boston ladies attend baseball games in large numbers. They are on the look-out for a good catch.

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

—Clergymen, says an observer, forget the golden rule and become "as other men are" when battling in political convention.

A Tilt With Time.

Ladies in their attempts to baffle old Time are bound to receive some wounds in the encounter. These however, they can conceal, as far as complexion is concerned by a timely and regular resort to the use of "Glenn's Sulphur Soap." Without obstructing the pores, or in any way injuring the health of the skin, it removes from the surface pimples, redness and the various disfigurements caused by increasing age or exposure to the sun. Sold by all druggists. Time touches the hair as well as the complexion. But the ungallant old fellow can be defied here too, with "Hill's Instantaneous hair Dye," which renews the tint of youth on the grizzled brow of age. It is the cheapest and safest dye in use.

—A movement is on foot to have the Maine militia meet and march as veterans of the Army of the Potomac in Washington on July 4th.

KENTUCKY FARMERS.

[illegible] Life in the Blue Grass.

"The farmers in central Kentucky must be rich?"

"Rich? Of course they are. It is the only country I ever saw with a community of rich farmers," says Dr. Henry Wilson in the Atlanta *Constitution*. "Any man who owns a blue grass farm is rich. He can't help it. His land is worth from $75 to $100 an acre remote from the railroad and near a village from $150 to $200. It grows blue grass spontaneously. You can run a field fifteen years in corn then stop it, take the stock off and it will seed itself. Turn the first year's seed under and next year it reappears. Turn it under again and you have land as rich as ever and carpeted with blue grass. The land has a substratum of lime, and it ferrifies itself.

"It is a royal inheritance!

"It certainly is. They have their fine horses, their southdown sheep, pedigreed hogs, Durham cattle, raise everything they need, and are absolutely independent. Why, take the southdown sheep. They grow so fat, so broad across the back, that if one turns over and gets on its back he can not recover his feet, but would die unless the shepherd turned him. Their Chester and Essex hogs are pedigreed as carefully as their horses, and such hams and meat as they make! As for cattle, there is Mr. William Beasley, who lives near Lancaster, who raises fine horses for the east and Durham cattle for Europe. He has no Durhams that will not weigh from 1,800 to 2,000 pounds, and buyers scent direct from English farms come to his barns every week in the year to select fine cattle. He takes a country horse, educates him up in style and pace and sells him for $1,000. The millionaires of Boston and New York send their buyers to his stable and take his stock at his own price."

"They are hospitable, these farmers, are they not?"

"That is not the word. They are glad to see you. Each farmer has his ice-house, a huge dry well in which the ice is packed with straw. Then there is the mint bed, and the fine liquors in his cellar of whatever age you want. He pires you the inevitable mint julep, and yet there is little drunkenness in that section—less than I ever saw. Dr. Wash Miller who lives near Winchester is worth about $300,000. His land is worth a third of that. He has fine horses, poultry, hogs, cattle, and in his park, which is as beautiful as a royal park in England, 200 deer run at large. A king on his throne is not happier or more independent than a farmer in the heart of the blue-grass region."

"Did you go to the Lexington fair?"

"Of course I did, and let me tell you you will find more fine stock and higher grade animals at the Lexington fair than anywhere else on earth. Why, just think of it, I saw them preparing white Chester boars for inspection. They would lay a boar on a table, wash him with castile soap as carefully as if he were a baby, then wipe him perfectly dry—and he was so used to being washed that he would turn over to expose his body to the water, and then comb his hair, dust him out with a fine mohair brush, cut his toenails, clean out his nose and ears, cut the long hairs off his body, and then powder him and dust him until his skin was as soft and pink as a baby's. Such a boar would bring from $70 to $100, and the pigs of his family would sell for $25 apiece the day they were born. I saw cotswold rams there as large as a yearling calf, with their fleece washed and combed, their horns polished and their eyes and ears dusted out as daintily as if it were a young lady preparing for her first ball. The Durham cattle almost looked like elephants and had pedigrees as long as a feudal prince. The Jerseys are used in Kentucky only as pets and for fancy butter and to furnish milk for milk punches."

The Beauties of Puget Sound.

A tourist who has but recently returned from a prolonged trip through the Northwest, writes in the following enthusiastic terms of the great Puget Sound: "I have traveled pretty much all over the world," said he, "and consider that Puget Sound is in many respects the most beautiful sheet of water that I have ever seen. It penetrates into the heart of Washington, and although but eighty miles in length, it is diversified with innumerable bays and inlets, so that its shore line can not be less than 500 miles. The sound is divided into two separate arms or inlets, between which lies a long jagged mountainous peninsula. Seattle and Tacoma are on one arm, while Olympia the capital of the State, is at the extreme end of the other. The waters of the sound are very deep and blue as sapphire, reminding one strongly of the blue waters of the Mediterranean along the southern coast of France. There is 600 feet of water close by Tacoma and that is 80 miles inland. In fact there is great difficulty in getting an anchorage at all in many portions of the sound. The shores are rocky and precipitous and clothed with an almost impenetrable growth of iron firs and pines upon which the woodman's ax has hardly, as yet, made an impression, although lumbering operations have been in progress for twenty years. At times the surface of the sound is like a mirror for days at a time, and then again it is transformed into a most dangerous and tempestuous sea—the irregular shore line makes the winds very variable and navigation at times both difficult and dangerous. The sound is also the subject of a most curious tide phenomenon. Owing to its narrow mouth the tide makes but slow progress inland and upon its ebb meets the following tide about half way down the sound. When the two bodies of water meet, there ensues a miniature maelstrom, the waters surge and boil while trunks of trees, wreckage and driftwood almost obscure the surface, and are held there for many days by the opposing currents. East of the sound are the Cascades, with jagged, snow-clad peaks, while Mount Ranier, with its rounded peak, although fifty miles away, is plainly visible. On the western side issues the lofty Olympain range, seemingly shelving down to the very shores. Altogether the sound is a grandly beautiful sheet of water, and people who once visit it are never satisfied till they see it again.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

Tutt's Liver Pills.

[illegible] Tutt's Liver Pills are a most [illegible] remedy for all diseases of the liver, such as Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Costiveness, Piles, Jaundice, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Nervousness, Fever and Ague, Biliousness, Blues, Dyspepsia, Nervousness, Fever and Ague, Biliousness, Blues, Dyspepsia, Nervousness, Fever and Ague, Biliousness, Blues, Dyspepsia, Nervousness, Fever and Ague, Biliousness, Blues, Dyspepsia, Nervousness,

The Wellsboro Gazette.

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Wellsboro Gazette.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA.

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If not paid during the year ... 2.00

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PRINTERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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2 Months	4 00	6 00	8 00	10 00	12 00	20 00	35 00
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GEO. W. MERRICK. ROBT. H. YOUNG.

MERRICK & YOUNG,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Wellsboro, Pa. Office in Cameron & Parker's new block. May 14, 1883.

H. P. ERWIN,
MERCHANT TAILOR, Wellsboro, Pa. Fine custom tailoring at fair prices. Good fits guaranteed in every case. Shop over Agitator office.—Nov. 10, 1887.

WRIGHT & CONEVERY,
JOB PRINTERS, in Wright's new block, Main street, over the drug store. All kinds of Plain and Ornamental Job Printing executed with neatness and dispatch.

FRANK H. ROSE,
DENTIST. Office over C. C. Mathers & Co's. store, Wellsboro, Pa. Preparing to do all kinds of work in his profession, with special attention to gold fillings. Satisfaction guaranteed. Nov. 22, 1888.

F. G. WASHBURN,
PRACTICAL GUN SMITH, also Dealer in Sporting Goods, Guns, Pistols, Ammunition and Fishing Tackle. Repairing neatly and promptly done. Find shop below Parkhurst House.

GEO. W. NAYLOR,
HARNESS MAKER, Crafton Street, between Main and Pearl, Wellsboro, Pa. Light and Heavy Double and Single Harness made to order on short notice. The latest styles of Horse Furnishing Goods in Tioga county.—Nov. 6, 1889.

C. H. DAVIS,
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY. Represents the best English and American companies. Office in Corning's Block, Main street, Wellsboro, Pa.—Nov. 22, 1886.

RAILWAY GUIDE.

FALL BROOK COAL CO'S RAILWAYS.

Took effect May 18, 1890.

Syracuse, Geneva & Corning Division.

Going North (read up) No. 6	No. 4	No. 2	STATIONS.	Going South (read down) No. 1	No. 3	No. 5
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.		A.M.	A.M.	P.M.
9 17	2 52	9 40	Lyons	7 35	10 10	4 25
7 55	1 26	8 25	Geneva	8 20	12 40	6 50
7 25	1 05	8 03	Dresden	8 53	*1 25	7 25
7 00	1 05	8 20	Hirsings	9 07	1 35	7 40
6 50	12 55	8 25	Dundee	9 15	2 15	7 52
6 27	12 32	8 02	Watkins Glen	9 40	3 40	8 12
6 15	12 20	7 50	Watkins Div. Jn	10 00	3 57	8 32
5 40	11 40	7 15	Dp Corning Ar	10 30	4 00	9 00

Corning, Cowanesque & Antrim Div.

No. 8	No. 10	No. 6	STATIONS.	No. 1	No. 3	No. 7
P.M.	A.M.	A.M.		P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
2 50			Dp Antrim Ar	1 00		
3 10			*Summit	12 42		
3 22			*Round Top	12 30		
3 30	11 45	7 05	WELLSBORO	12 15	6 10	7 20
3 37	11 52	7 10	Stokesdale	12 08	6 02	7 12
4 05	12 15	7 15	Stokesdale Junc	12 05	6 00	7 10
4 11	12 22	7 23	Niles Valley	11 58	5 47	7 03
4 14	12 25	7 23	Middlebury	11 45	5 43	7 00
4 19	12 30	7 27	Holiday	11 40	5 38	6 55
4 26	12 40	7 35	*Hammond	11 32	5 29	6 47
4 33	12 50	7 45	Tioga	11 25	5 20	6 38
4 37	1 02	7 55	Lathrop	11 15	5 10	6 28
4 45	1 10	8 03	Lock Lyman Jn	11 05	4 55	6 11
5 02	1 17	8 11	Lindley	11 00	4 48	6 15
5 10	1 27	8 20	Presho	10 50	4 38	6 05
5 00	1 00	8 10	Ar Corning Dp	10 35	4 15	5 45

Pine Creek Division.

No. 24	No. 10	No. 6	STATIONS.	No. 1	No. 3	No. 23
P.M.	P.M.	P.M.		P.M.	P.M.	A.M.
.....	12 15	4 15	WELLSBORO	11 45	5 35	.....
.....	12 03	4 07	Stokesdale	11 52	5 48	.....
.....	12 00	4 00	Stokesdale Jun	12 05	6 00	.....
.....	11 50	3 50	Marsh Creek	12 15	6 14	.....
.....	11 37	3 44	Arnpanis	12 22	6 20	.....
.....	11 30	3 35	*Four Mile Run	12 28	6 30	.....
.....	11 25	3 27	*Wellington	12 33	6 41	.....
.....	11 20	3 10	Blackwell's	1 15	7 15	.....
.....	10 55	2 50	Cedar Run	1 28	7 30	.....
.....	10 45	2 15	Waterville	2 15	8 25	.....
.....	8 00	1 45	Jersey Shore	2 40	9 00	.....
.....	7 55	1 15	Newberry Junc	3 15	9 35	.....
.....	7 25	1 05	Williamsport	3 25	9 45	.....
.....	A.M.	P.M.		P.M.	P.M.	.....

Cowanesque Branch.

No. 24	No. 6	No. 8	STATIONS.	No. 1	No. 7	No. 23
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.		P.M.	P.M.	A.M.
6 00	5 30	8 40	Ar. Corning Dp	10 35	5 45	6 20
4 28	4 40	7 55	Lawrenceville	11 15	6 25	8 05
4 23	4 18	7 36	Nelson	11 37	6 48	8 53
4 10	4 07	7 25	Elkland	11 50	7 01	9 28
3 00	4 02	7 20	Osceola	11 55	7 06	9 40
2 32	3 50	7 00	Acad'y Corners	12 07	7 19	10 10
2 25	3 41	6 51	Knoxville	12 10	7 22	10 17
5 03	3 37	6 55	Cowanesque	12 20	7 33	10 43
1 45	3 30	6 52	Westfield	12 27	7 40	11 00
1 35	3 22	6 43	Potter Brook	12 37	7 50	11 22
1 19	3 19	6 41	Elmer	12 39	7 53	11 30
1 05	3 15	6 35	Harrison Valley	12 45	8 00	11 45

FALL BROOK BRANCH.—A train leaves Blossburg at 1:55 p. m. Somerville at 12:45 and arrives at Fall Brook at 1:05 p. m. Returning, it leaves Fall Brook at 2:10 p. m. Somerville at 2:30 and arrives at Blossburg at 2:40 p. m.

*Flag stations.

CONNECTIONS.—At Corning with Main Line, N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. and 6 and 8, make close connections for all points East and West. Stopping time allowed. Drawing rooms are attached to Syracuse, Binghamton and Buffalo cars between Lyons and Syracuse. At Lyons with N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. for Rochester and Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Chicago and St. Louis. At Geneva with N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. for Dresden, Penn Yan and points on the Seneca S. G. & C. Railway. At Himrod with S. G. & C. Railway. At Watkins with N. Y. L. E. & W. R. R. and D. L. & W. R. R. At Jerseyville and Jerseyville Junction with stages to and from Williamsport, Reading, Montour Falls and points south. At Penn Yan with stages to and from Dundee, Rushville, Middlesex, Branchport and points north. At Williamsport with P. & R. R. R. for Philadelphia and points east and west. At Williamsport with Williamsport and Elmira Division for Elmira and points north and south. At Williamsport with Philadelphia & Erie R. R. for Renovo and points east and west. At Lock Lyman Junction with stages for Mansfield. At Corning with Erie for Waverly, Binghamton, Elmira, Buffalo, Dunkirk and points west. At Corning with Fall Brook Coal Co's R. R. for Blossburg and points north. At Corning with Erie for Waverly, Binghamton, Elmira, Buffalo, Dunkirk and points west. At Corning with Fall Brook Coal Co's R. R. for Blossburg and points north. At Corning with Erie for Waverly, Binghamton, Elmira, Buffalo, Dunkirk and points west. At Corning with Fall Brook Coal Co's R. R. for Blossburg and points north.

G. R. B.

Addison & Pennsylvania R. R.

GOING SOUTH (read up) No. 5	No. 3	STATIONS.
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Wellsboro Gazette.

THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1890.

FRED H. WRIGHT, FRANK CONEVERY,
Editors and Proprietors.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The following named persons are announced as candidates for the office specified below, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

HARRY D. WHEELER, of Delmar.
C. H. TREMAINE, of Lawrence.
C. H. DEWITT, Mansfield, Pa.

DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION.

The Democratic State Convention of Pennsylvania will assemble at the Academy of Music, in the city of Scranton, at 10 o'clock a. m. on WEDNESDAY, JULY 9, 1890, to nominate candidates for Governor, Lieutenant Governor and Secretary of Internal Affairs. The convention will consist of representative delegates chosen under the rules of the party from the several Assembly Districts, one for each 1,000 Democratic votes cast at the last preceding Gubernatorial election, and for a fraction of 1,000 such votes amounting to 500 or more in the respective representative districts, provided that each representative district shall have at least one delegate.

ELLIOTT P. KISNER,
Chairman State Democratic Committee.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY COMMITTEE.

A meeting of the Democratic County Committee will be held at the Park Hotel, at Tioga, on TUESDAY, MAY 27th, 1890, at one o'clock p. m. Every member of the Committee is earnestly requested to be present, as business of importance will be brought before the Committee. By order of

B. E. UREL,
May 15, 1890. *Chairman.*

THE Philadelphia *Times* remarks that "The farmers seem to be getting tired of living on skim milk themselves and being compelled to sell their cream to pay the tariff taxes."

THE Portland *Oregonian*, a leading Republican paper, thinks the Republicans in their tariff legislation, have been "false to their trust." Yet not a single trust has made a breach of promise outcry.

BOSS QUAY has given out that he intends to sue the New York *World* for libel, for publishing the damaging [illegible] *World* is very anxious that Quay shall do this, but is of the opinion that he is only making a bluff, having become satisfied that the "dignified silence" scheme won't work.

THE Prohibitionists of Pennsylvania do not seem to be at all discouraged by the "unpleasantness" of June 18, 1889, for they will have a candidate for Governor before the people in the coming campaign. The Executive Committee held a meeting at Harrisburg a few days ago and decided to hold a convention in that city on July 15th and 16th.

THE Republicans of the Third district, the one represented by the late Samuel J. Randall, decided not to run any candidate against the Democratic nominee, Hon. Richard Vaux, and the election on Tuesday was something of a one sided affair—a ratification in fact. So much for the Republican boast at the time of Mr. Randall's death, that his seat was to be filled by a Republican.

EX-SPEAKER JOHN G. CARLISLE was nominated by acclamation in the Democratic caucus at Frankfort, Ky., last Friday night, to succeed the late Mr. Beck in the United States Senate. He was formally elected the next day. Mr. Carlisle is one of the most able men in the Democratic party. He will be missed in the House, but it is safe to assume that he will make his presence known in the Senate.

I CAN name upon my ten fingers men whose combined profits in the last decade have exceeded those of all the agriculturists of any State in the Union.—*Republican Representative Butterworth in opposition to the McKinley bill.* This should convince the farmers that McKinley's monopoly measure was not prepared in their behalf. Mr. Butterworth is an uncompromising Republican; but he is evidently of the opinion that monopoly protection and free trade reach the same result. Mr. Butterworth demands that the interests of this country be protected—but the kind of protection he thinks desirable can only be obtained through tariff reform.

A NEW YORK exchange says the tax rate of the Empire State for 1890 has been fixed at 2¼ mills the lowest rate since 1881. The reduction is more than 33 per cent. Where a citizen last year paid $3.53 on $1,000 worth of property, he will now be compelled to pay but $2.34 This statement needs no comments. It shows what might be in this State were corporations and other monopolies made to pay their just proportion of the taxes. New York is not cursed by one party rule. The Democratic and Republican parties are almost equal in strength, and each watches the other carefully to take advantage and gain popular favor by doing something to better the condition of the tax-payer.

McKI[illegible] "bear in mind that the United [illegible] now exporting more pro[illegible] than in our history [illegible] exported $[illegible] more than it [illegible] year [illegible] past quarter of a [illegible]

In K[illegible] the campaign of 1888 the monopoly spinners in their rainings about the alleged dangers of tariff reform repeatedly told the miners of the State that were the Democrats victorious English coal would be shipped to this country and the business of the American miner ruined. The monopoly spinners did not believe this statement themselves, yet it had its effect and many miners were frightened into voting for the Republican candidates. That threat was [illegible] not founded on fact is made [illegible] by a Special article in a recent [illegible] Gazette, relative to the Valley of A[illegible] coal operators [illegible] to [illegible] keep a sharp eye on the [illegible] The [illegible] have to pay [illegible] the duty of [illegible] tariff [illegible] Mr. McKinley [illegible] the [illegible] fact [illegible]

THE PROTECTION speech by Mr. Butterworth in opposition to the McKinley bill is not a lonesome one. According to the following from the Chicago *Tribune*, the leading Republican organ of the Northwest, he will find considerable backing in the West on the Republican side: "It is hard, indeed, to find a Western Republican newspaper of any standing in favor of the pending (McKinley) bill. The Milwaukee *Sentinel* (Republican) says the measure is not what an important number of Republicans had a right to expect. The Atchison *Globe* (Republican) declares that it is designed to enrich the few at the expense of the many. 'The many bear all the burden, the few reap all the benefit.' The *Nebraska State Journal* (Republican) speaks of the revisers as 'ready to impose a tariff on everybody's business but their own.' The Minneapolis *Journal* (Republican) says: 'They have increased duties right and left without consulting the parties most interested or taking in the true situation.' The Omaha *Bee* (Republican) says the bill disappoints the popular expectations that revision would be downward rather than upward, and so disregards a nearly universal and urgent demand which the party in power cannot afford to ignore."

A TRUE PROTECTIONIST.

Tuesday of last week was far from being a red letter day for the monopoly Republicans of the House of Representatives. Mr. Butterworth, Republican, of Ohio, heretofore classed as one of the strongest protectionists in the country, gained the floor on some trifling amendment to the McKinley bill, and a motion was carried to give him unlimited time to express his views. Then Mr. McKinley and his colleagues were given a talk on the tariff which made Mr. McKinley turn pale and silenced every Republican in the House. During all the period of debate the Republicans have not listened to such a criticism of their bill as this by the strongest man in their own party. What made his comments on the bill more odious to his Republican associates was the fact that several of his assertions were vigorously applauded by the Democrats. The Republican leaders naturally feel very bitter toward Butterworth for telling the truth about their measure.

His first proposition was that if the theory of protection was to obtain in this country it must be so adjusted as to operate to the interest of all, not of a select few. When lower duties did the most good to the whole country than [illegible] strike the last vestige of duty from wool if he thought it would be to the interest of the whole country. Mr. Butterworth has simply defined the difference between tariff reform and monopoly protection. But in doing so he has paralyzed the McKinley wing of the Republican party.

On Thursday Mr. Henderson, a prominent protection Republican from the West, drove the spear of truth and common sense still deeper into the rotten carcass of monopoly, by sharply criticising and declining to sustain the clause in the McKinley bill, providing for an increased duty on lamp shades and chimneys. The gentleman maintained that as these individuals were prospering under the present tariff there was no demand for raising the duty. Monopoly protection promises produced wealth to carry on the Republican campaign of 1888, but the men who then advocated this doctrine dare not vote now to make it operative, for obvious reasons. As an emetic the McKinley bill is a success. It will materially assist the people in ridding themselves of the belief that monopoly protection means prosperity.

A BREAK IN THE LINES.

Ten Republicans of Ohio, Count in Defiant Opposition to McKinley's Bill.

Republican Butterworth's speech on the tariff in the House on Tuesday of last week has caused a sensation in the Republican camp. McKinley has taken the matter very much to heart and is very blue. Butterworth is a well-known protectionist, hence his views at this time have double weight. His remarks were caused by McKinley's protest against reducing the duty on tin plate. Mr. Butterworth said the price of an article was not reduced on account of competition alone. It was reduced on account of improved methods of manufacture. He never doubted that the protective system was wise and had scattered blessings on the land from shore to shore. If there was any danger to the protective system it was in its oscillation between the extreme of free trade on the one hand, and on the other extreme which created inequalities. He attacked the sugar provisions, with reference to proposed bounties of the bill, and said:

"Protection! Why, the country could better afford to keep these men in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, pay their board and expenses, and set them up in the banking business. He favored proper protection, but these men held the world in their grip. When he said he did not favor that kind of protection he was told 'You are not sound on the tariff.'

"The time has come when some little concern should be shown to American homes and American firesides. A great body of employes of this country was foreign. In some great factories in the East they were known on the rosters by numbers because of unfamiliarity with their names. He did not believe it was wise or prudent to make such a sweeping reduction in sugar to be supplanted by a bounty. In conclusion he said that the gentlemen were very much mistaken if they imagined that the greatest desire of [illegible] was a bill reducing the protective system, [illegible] more than features [illegible] bill—[illegible] protection [illegible] manufacturers' compounding bounties. *While the plowmen act like Issachar's ass, and crouch between two burdens, both will be kept on their backs.* The followers are localized in the cities, and plot and scheme for the promotion of their selfish ends and bring their united lobby influence to bear on the members of Congress, whereas the farmers live isolated and scattered, and can't or don't combine in defense of their interests. Hence *they are unprotected, unrepresented and unconscious of what keeps them poor.* They are captivated by the specious cry of "protection to American industry," *though they get none of it;* and of the value of the "protected" home markets to them, *as if protected monopolists eat any more than other men. Not until the farmers, [illegible] agriculturists wake up to a realization of the confidence game being played upon them* will the war tariff be reduced or removed; but when will they get their eyes open and not? In your lifetime? Samson (the farmers) is under the spell of Delilah (the manufacturers) and his locks are shorn and he feels no strength to resist. Until the protected manufacturers themselves ask Congress to reduce their protection bounties in order to enable them to cheapen the process of fabrication with a view to finding foreign markets for their surplus wares, there will be no reduction of the high tariff, and no relief *from the heavy burden it imposes on the fool farmers and oppressed consumers. But when will that be?*

ANOTHER MINE HORROR.

Thirty-Seven Men Met a Fearful Death by a Cave-In at Ashley.

A terrible calamity occurred at Ashley, three miles from Wilkesbarre, Pa., Thursday morning about nine o'clock. An extensive cave-in took place in the Hartford Mine of the Wilkesbarre and Lehigh Coal Company, entombing thirty men. As the news of the disaster spread thousands rushed to the scene and found that the surface almost as far as the eye could reach was seamed and cracked with long circular fissures, some of which were over two feet wide. Women who had husbands and sons working in the mine ran here and there, screaming and wringing their hands, while helpless little ones clung desperately to them, begging piteously for the help they were unable to give. The scene around the mouth of the pit was a heartrending one. Wives and mothers crowded close up to the dark opening and peered in, as if their love would dispel the darkness of the fatal depths, while the cries of the little ones calling for their fathers made the hearers sick with pity.

The officials of the company were at once summoned, and a consultation was had as to the best means of reaching the men in time to save their lives. An exploring party was sent down the mine, but speedily returned with the report that any attempt to penetrate to where the men were was impossible. All passage was blocked and gas was issuing from the cave-in gangway in large quantities, making any attempt at exploration full of danger.

It was then decided to attempt to reach the men through [illegible] mouth of the dark opening and the [illegible] man crawled out on his hands and knees and announced that he had found one of the victims. He was lying at the bottom of a fifty foot plane and in order to reach him it became necessary to lower a man down with a rope. This was done and the charred and blackened form of Anthony Frayne, the first of the victims was hoisted to the surface. Then John Allen and Robert W. Shearts were brought out. All were still alive, but [illegible] Shearts died. At 8 o'clock Superintendent Scott called out all the [illegible] men, and told them that it [illegible] was hoped that [illegible] would be down [illegible] to-morrow.

On Friday [illegible] Anthony Frayne, one of the [illegible] men found alive, told the following story of the disaster: "The fall [illegible] We had [illegible] Yes, we [illegible] past 4 when there was a cave in at the mouth of the dark opening and the [illegible] man crawled out on his hands and knees and announced that he had found one of the victims. He was lying at the bottom of a fifty foot plane and in order to reach him it became necessary to lower a man down with a rope. This was done and the charred and blackened form of Anthony Frayne, the first of the victims was hoisted to the surface. Then John Allen and Robert W. Shearts were brought out. All were still alive, but [illegible] died. At 8 o'clock Superintendent Scott called out all the [illegible] men, and told them that it [illegible] was hoped that [illegible] would be down [illegible] to-morrow.

On Friday [illegible] Anthony Frayne, one of the [illegible] men found alive, told the following story of the disaster: "The fall [illegible] We had [illegible] Yes, we [illegible]

[illegible] J. yet be lighted a naked one, and we started off again. I told him not to do it, but he did; and soon there was an other rush of air, and I was knocked down.

"I don't know how long I lay there, but when I woke I knew I was burned; I could feel it. I called to John Allen and the other men, and they answered. We talked for a long time; then I went to sleep, and don't remember any more until they found me. Yes, I think all the other men are all right, as the air is better in the place where we were all together than it was where Allen and I were found. None of us thought of death. We knew we were near the surface, and that our brave fellow workmen would dig for us.

At 7 o'clock on Friday morning it was deemed partly safe to resume the efforts to rescue the men. A large party of rescuers entered the slope and commenced work upon the cave beyond where the men were found Thursday night. They soon broke through and rushed into the chamber beyond where, in the semi-darkness, [illegible] lifeless bodies. A close search revealed three bodies lying in a heap and half buried beneath a mass of rubbish. They were horribly mangled and totally unrecognizable. The horrible sight was but the precursor to one more horrible, for inside of the next hundred feet of gangway were found the bodies of sixteen more of the entombed men, lying just where they had been thrown by the resistless force of the explosion.

Their death, though horrible, must have been instantaneous. When the shock came they were hurled unconscious like straws against the sides and wrapped in the intense heat of the burning gas. They were all horribly disfigured. Not one but was torn and mangled besides being burned and scorched. Some had every particle of clothing blown or burned from them and the flesh roasted to the bone. Others had their clothes on, but their limbs were missing or their bodies mangled and crushed by rock and debris. One body was found without a head and the most diligent search failed to reveal it. Another's arm was found fifteen feet from the body, and still another had two legs gone below the knees. It was a horrible sight and many of the hundred men upon whom were placed the duty of exhuming these mangled remains and bringing them to the surface sickened and gave up their places to others hardened to such sights.

Soon the work of removing the bodies was under way, and terrible scenes were witnessed. Some of the women, who pressed madly forward to enter the mine. As each of the nineteen charred and mangled bodies were brought out, and a wife or mayhaps a child in the tearful throng recognizing the mouth of the pit discovered familiar clothing or recognized the features of the dead, a melancholy wail of sorrow went up. Men, hardy miners, with tears trickling down their honest faces, tried to soothe the hysterical women who had been made widows by the horror, and the children who had been rendered fatherless, but it was a sorrowful task.

The three men who were caused Thursday night separated from the others, it appears, and advised them to follow, but they refused. They then walked along the roadway on their way out by the abandoned opening, through which the rescuing party entered. When about 250 feet from the surface Allen's naked lamp set off the gas and the explosion occurred. In the meantime the others who refused to follow were waiting, a distance of 500 feet still further in the mine, for the rescuing party to enter the slope and rescue them by digging away the debris of the fall. It is presumed that they were overcome by the after-damp of the explosion and rendered unconscious.

The cause of the cave-in is believed to have been the excessive amount of coal removed, not sufficient being left to carry the superincumbent rock. The roof was especially dangerous because of its being but 30 to 60 feet in thickness, permitting of local settlements. Frequent comment is made on the fact that the explosion which followed the cave-in, like many others of recent occurrence, was due to carelessness on the part of a subordinate mine official, in this case a fire boss. Though they are employed for their caution and experience, they have been the very ones to imperil lives by acts of marked foolhardiness. Only a week ago two fire bosses were convicted of criminal carelessness and were fined by the Court $50 each, and another is now awaiting trial, while several others have lost their lives along with their fellow-workmen.

A dispatch on Monday says that all of the bodies, numbering thirty, have been taken from the fatal chamber. Through the United Mine Workers of America, civil and criminal action is to be brought against mine owners, general and assistant superintendents and bosses at the collieries at which the disaster occurred.

Wreck and ruin were wrought on the surface as well as in the fatal pit. Nearly a score of houses were shattered and destroyed, and the families were compelled to flee for their lives.

AN OBNOXIOUS LAW.

The Farmers of Lycoming County Kicking Against the Dog Law.

(From the Bellefonte Watchman.)

Considerable discontent prevails among the tax-payers of Lycoming county about the dog law which they have specially in that county for the purpose of making good the loss of sheep killed by marauding dogs. [illegible] tax on the dogs, or rather, the [illegible] that there is such a tax, the proceeds of the taxation going into the county treasury to pay for sheep [illegible] to the extent of about [illegible] year [illegible] Wash[illegible] [illegible] the farmers of Lycoming county are [illegible] the dog law. The last week [illegible] Williamsport [illegible] Lycoming county [illegible] Allen, aged 16, were [illegible] the sheep with [illegible] The boys were [illegible] the sheep were killed [illegible] the boys were standing [illegible] the sheep were killed. The sheep were [illegible] scattered with blood. The sheep were butchered in the most brutal manner. The sheep were the best in that part of the country. The murder was evidently done for the purpose of robbery as the house had been thoroughly searched. The Grandis were said to keep large sums of money in their house.

GAZETTE GLEANINGS.

Matters of Interest in Adjoining Counties and Elsewhere.

Elmira will not celebrate the Fourth of July in the good old fashioned style.

Williamsport is to entertain the Fourth of July in a [illegible] before adopted in this part of the State.

Governor Hill has [illegible] the bill making the salary of Mayor of Troy $1,000 a year.

The Athens Gas-light Co. have laid pipe in the Wyalusing for [illegible] and [illegible] have [illegible] the [illegible] by the [illegible]

A St. Petersburg dispatch says: [illegible] the [illegible] of the Czar [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible] The [illegible] by a [illegible] the [illegible] for the [illegible] 10,000 have [illegible] the [illegible]

[illegible] Yes, we [illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] the [

Owing to the [illegible] of Cas. Ark Oil, the offer to our friends

NAPTHALINE

[illegible] "VENTA-TIVE KNOWN.

Only 25 cents a pound.

Spalding's Corner Drug Store.

VAN HORN & JENNINGS'

Wall Paper House

NEXT DOOR TO THE POST OFFICE.

is the leading establishment for Wall Paper, Books, Stationery, etc.

PAPERING AND DECORATING

A SPECIALTY.

A full force of skilled workmen constantly in our employ.—Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

VAN HORN & JENNINGS

LOCAL NOTICES.

BLANK LEASES for sale at this office.

SPRING styles in Millinery at the Fair.

TEAS and Coffees a specialty at J. R. Bowen's.

GREATEST KING—"Perfect Wonder," at Dr. Eastman's.

AN elegant new line of feathers, flowers, ribbons, etc., at the Fair.

FRESH Eggs, good Butter, splendid Cheese and Potatoes at Bowen's.

TRIMMED Hats, Trimmed Bonnets, and Millinery novalties at the Fair.

FRESH Cabbage, Parsnips, Onions, Garden and Field Seeds at Bowen's.

J. R. Bowen has a fresh and nice line of goods. Give him a call and get good bargains.

The public sale advertised to take place on the farm of John Russel, in Hebron, has been abandoned.

AUCTION bills printed on short notice at this office. A notice of the sale printed in the GAZETTE free.

I BUY my goods fresh and keep a large line of everything to be found in a first-class store. J. R. BOWEN.

I AM sole agent for the celebrated Pillsbury Flour. Give it a trial, and get the best flour your money can buy. J. R. BOWEN.

HOUSE TO RENT.—The house of Mr. J. J. Burgin (newly new) on Hedge street, is offered to rent. For further particulars call at the Wellsboro Gas Co., or S. F. Channell, Esq.

THE late loss by fire on my dwelling, through O. H. Davis' carriage, has been satisfactorily adjusted by an appraisal and paid. F. M. ARMSTRONG, Marsh Creek, Pa.

ATTENTION.—Canton Encampment, No. 5, you are requested to meet at Armory Hall, Friday evening, May 23d, for drill. By order of the C. P. J. A. BOWEN, Captain.

May 22, 1890.

HAVING recently purchased the carding mill formerly conducted by C. B. Clark, I am now prepared to do all work in my line in the best possible manner. Work from out of town will receive prompt attention. O. L. WHITE.

Wellsboro, May 22, 1890-2t.

I HAVE just received an immense stock of Summer Hats and Trimmings, embroidered Lawns and Hair Braids, in white and colors. Millinery never was so pretty as this year. Come and see the Trimmed Hats for $1 10. All new goods.

May 22, 1890-2t. MISS STEWART.

PAY YOUR MERCHANTS TAXES. The Mercantile taxes of this county are payable. If you wish to save trouble and costs these taxes will have to be paid within the next two weeks.

May 13, 1890-2t. O. G. GRWOULD, *County Treasurer.*

MR. ARTHUR C. SUMAN, the author of the piece, who plays in the title role, that of a genuine country farmer, seems to have been made for just that character. His personation of Uncle Rube was perfection.—*Delaware Express.* At Annandale Hall on Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings, May 29, 30 and 31.

THE TAFT-BAKER CONCERT.—The lovers of fine music will be pleased to learn that Frank Taft and Mark C. Baker will give one of their unrivalled organ and vocal concerts at the Methodist Church, May 28th. Mr. Baker will probably be assisted by one of his gifted pupils. Admission, 25, 35 and 50 cents. Tickets for sale at Spalding's drug store.

"UNCLE RUBE" at Hill's Opera House, Addison, last evening, was a great big howling success. Every part brought forth applause, and marked appreciation from the audience, and Addison is well proud of its home talent. Sidman, the comedian, [illegible], and everyone was well pleased. The Opera House was filled to its utmost seating capacity, being the largest audience that will be assembled at Annandale hall, Wellsboro, on Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings, May 29, 30 and 31.

"UNCLE RUBE" as rendered by Mr. A. C. Sidman, assisted by local talent, at Academy Hall, on Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings of last week, was a grand success financially and otherwise. Mr. Sidman proved himself to be an artist of rare ability. The some hundred and fifty laughs and any number of tears were a reality, and the innocent amusement afforded by the quaint yet applicable sayings of "Uncle Rube" will long be remembered. The character of the play is elevating and will recommend itself to any who hear it. Hence it should see salvation at another call.

Have This Done Too!

Dunning through the columns of a newspaper is one of the things we dislike to do; but what can we do? It is [illegible] to us, and we are [illegible] to have the money. [illegible] $1 50 to $10 on To our [illegible] subscribers who have been [illegible] for years, we shall be [illegible] if they will come or send the money for the GAZETTE. We have [illegible] to do this, but [illegible] to do it. We hate to do it, and we [illegible] to do it. We [illegible] to do it. We [illegible] to do it. We

Wellsboro Gazette.

THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1890.

The Mystic Key.

Every h[illegible]
Pure as on its natal day;
Though by sin and sorrow's folds
Hidden from the world away.

Though the c[illegible]
Reaching to the tender part,
Home's sweet name will start the tears,
And unlock the secret hearts.

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

From "Apparent Failure."

"It's wiser being good than bad—
It's safer being meek than fierce;
It's fitter being sane than mad.
My own hope is, a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched,
—That after l[illegible] the first,
Though a wide compass round be fetched
That what began best, can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once, prevent His curse.

—*Robt. Browning.*

THE MYSTERIOUS FLUTIST.

Last January, on the first evening that a light snow carpeted the roofs of Paris, a closed carriage rolled along the boulevards shining like a zebra. It was so loaded with trunks that you would have thought an actress was starting out on a journey.

Worse. Within was a valetudinarian, large and fat, one of those warm a[illegible] disturbs and who think their best day of reckoning is near when they have a cold in the head. This one imagined he had weak lungs. So at the approach of cold weather he bundled himself with furs and fled to Nice.

He was a bachelor. Although he could have married at any time, for he had 100,000 francs in stocks, and therefore suited many young ladies, he had been unwilling to dispose of his right hand. Next to himself, the one he loved best was the cook—not for herself, but for her cooking. No one took better care of No. 1. Under no circumstances would he have disturbed himself to do a favor. He would not have lent 5 sous to his father in the street, for it would have been necessary to unbutton his overcoat to take out his purse.

He was indeed the most extravagant crank to be met with. His most insignificant acts were on system; he slept, rose, ate, smoked, and took medicine with his watch in hand. Many curious stories were told at his expense. For instance, he was so nervous, so irritable, that he detested the songsters in the court-yards. The porter had to drive them away with a broom. To persons who persisted in singing in the street he quickly threw a bullet—so continued that they would leave. Now every time the porter lacked the price of a drink he put on a false beard and went under the window, tapping on a pan as a prelude to a dance. Immediately a ballad was forthcoming.

The neighbors had to hold their sides, for there are people who cannot help laughing.

At Nice he always put up at the great United States hotel, where for fifteen years the same magnificent room, well exposed to the sun, had been reserved for his use. It was the only one he fancied, and he occupied it until April 2 at noon precisely, the hour at which he set out for Paris.

His name excited mirth. I will not attempt an explanation, but every body smiled whenever he was introduced. He was known as M. Jaune.

Now M. Jaune arrived at Nice the day after leaving Paris at 6 o'clock in the evening. He partook of an excellent dinner a bouillabaisse aux langoustes, a fillet marine, a quail, asparagus and a bottle of Chambertin Rose. With this he hoped not to die with hunger. Then, after having smoked a good cigar to settle his coffee and champagne, he retired to rest.

It was nine o'clock when he esconced himself in bed. He extinguished the light, and stretched himself out, anticipating sleep like a dormouse.

But scarcely had he dropped into a doze when a flute was heard in the next apartment playing the air from Faust: "Let, oh, let me gaze upon thy face!"

The tone was sweet and silvery, so the first impression was charming; but the flutist cut short the melody at the fourth measure and repeated it several times, and then rested for five minutes and resumed in like manner, stopping at the same point.

"What in the matter with him?" said M. Jaune to himself.

The other continued without a sign of trouble.

At the fifth rehearsal, as there is nothing so agreeable as not to weary at the end, M. Jaune tapped on the partition wall. The flute was silent. Satisfied he took a potation from his night-table and closed his eyes. It was 10 o'clock. The hotel was almost empty, the greater part of the guests not having yet come in. Suddenly the peaceful silence was broken by the flute.

"Let, oh, let me gaze upon thy face!"

M. Jaune grew excited.

"Whew! He is getting to be a nuisance. If this is for an extra attraction I will dispense with it."

He tapped loudly and cried out:

"Will you stop? If you don't I'll gaze upon your face pretty soon!"

When M. Jaune got angry he forgot the dictates of politeness. There was silence again, and he began to get drowsy.

Suddenly:

"Let, oh, let me gaze upon thy face!"

"Fie! The mean scamp!"

He rang for the chamber-maid.

"Who is this idiot of a flutist whom I have for a neighbor?" he asked.

"A flutist!" she exclaimed with a vacant air. "Why, M. Jaune, you are dreaming. The chamber is empty."

M. Jaune dared not reply. The surmise obtruded itself that perhaps he was beginning to have delusions. Besides, so long as the chambermaid was at hand the flutist could not be heard. But scarcely was she gone [illegible]

"Let, oh, [illegible] face!"

And so on [illegible] minute. M. Jaune flounced [illegible] sank under the [illegible]

"Ask your [illegible] to come here."

M. Favioli hurried up.

"Listen, pray," said M. Jaune.

M. Favioli endeavored to hold his breath. Of a sudden two philandering cats set up a caterwauling on the balcony.

"I hear only two cats talking love to each other," said M. Favioli.

"I hear them, too," M. Jaune chimed in. "Be patient! The flute will begin again."

M. Favioli held his breath.

Suddenly, crack, the flute!

"Let, oh, let me gaze upon thy face!"

M. Jaune, in spite of himself, struck against the wall, while M. Favioli burst into loud laughter.

"I have it, M. Jaune—I have it. I present you to the artist. Please follow me."

He took a light, and opening Mme. Kissmicouick's door with his pass key he pointed to a cage on the table in which a bird similar to our blackbirds was moving his head about and singing without a semblance of fear.

"That is Mme. Kissmicouick's flute, M. Jaune, an Australian warbler. These birds learn an air perfectly and in the night cause the neighbors [illegible]

Somewhat calmer for it was folly to get angry with a bird M. Jaune said:

"Propose to the lady to sell it to me. Go as high as 500 francs. That I may have the satisfaction of wringing its neck."

"Never, M. Jaune. I will speak to her tomorrow."

M. Favioli complied with his promise, but Mme. Kissmicouick sent him packing.

"Five hundred francs!" she cried. "I think as much of it as a Chinaman of his pigtail. Say to that fellow that I will not sell my bird for $500, for it is a souvenir of my husband."

The word "fellow" touched M. Jaune's sensibility; he grew red in the face and threatened retaliation.

As Mme. Kissmicouick was accustomed to sleep from 2 to 5 o'clock in the afternoon he scraped on a violin, 200 times in succession, the first four measures of "Returning from the Review."

Unfortunately for his plan Mme. Kissmicouick was deaf of one ear. She lay on the other and slept with the serenity of a mummy.

In the evening, still in a perspiration, delighted with having silenced the bird, if not the mistress, he promised himself a fine sleep.

But hark! Suddenly in the silence, crack! you have it. No, you don't have it.

The bird, which had it appeared, a prodigious memory, began to sing, "Returning from the Review," without prejudice. Instead of one annoyance M. Jaune had two.

Under such provocation he stole with the tread of a wolf to Mme. Kissmicouick's door. By chance she had not locked it. He hurried to the cage and with a heart full of bitterness threw into it a biscuit dipped in arsenate of potash and tripped back again to his room.

But, far from making away with it self, as the cruel lording hoped, the bird sang twice a minute instead of once, and then as though it had two throats, it warbled the two airs together, "Let Me," and "The Review."

Furious, M. Jaune ran again to the door of the American lady. She had now come in and locked it, but it gave way under the impact of his shoulder.

"Madame," cried he, "your conditions, no matter what they are."

"Indeed, sir" she replied, her face suffused with blushes, "you have broken into my domicile with a high hand. Save my honor! Marry me!"

"Beelzebub may take you first!" exclaimed M. Jaune, without any French courtesy.

"Then I shall appeal to the law."

Pestered by the endless troubles which pursued him M. Jaune was finally brought to say:

"I solemnly if you let me kill that miserable parrot."

"I will hand him over to you willingly on the day of the nuptials, dear M. John." She thought that his name was John instead of Jaune.

M. Jaune led Mme. Kissmicouick to the alter in a few days afterward.

"I will be so disagreeable," said he to himself, "that she can not endure me and will hurry off to her own country.

Now, on returning from the review—excuse me, I mean from the church—he promised himself the inhuman satisfaction of having the nightingale threaded and served with his dinner. Nevertheless Mme. Jaune-Kissmicouick graciously handed him the cage.

Zounds! What a surprise! It was a stuffed bird which a Paris artisan had mounted as a singing-bird. In order to keep the wheels from rusting it had to sound it up [illegible] before going out.

The other nightingale, which M. Jaune had taught to sing the "Review," was that of Miss Whiterose at No. 6.

In face of such contempt M. Jaune has entered a complaint to annul the marriage for error of person—or rather for error of bird.—*Translated from the French for the San Francisco Call.*

A Geographical Delusion.

It has been known for some time, says the N. Y. *Sun*, that Capt. Binger in his remarkable journey across the unexplored Mandingo county in west Africa was unable to find the great Kong mountains, which for many years have been the most conspicuous feature in the maps of that region. They were represented as extending for hundreds of miles east and west, parallel with the northern shores of the Gulf of Guinea, and were supposed to be the dividing line between the rivers that empty into the gulf and those which flow north to the Niger. It was not until Binger's return to Europe, however, that his conclusive proofs of the mythical character of those famous mountains were submitted to the geographers. The Kong mountains now remain only as a conspicuous instance of a great geographical delusion, innocently introduced upon the maps by an illustrious explorer and perpetuated for generations.

Long before Binger, on his southward journey from the Niger, arrived at the city of Kong, which he was the first European to visit, he was convinced that the mighty Kong range [illegible] and reached the Volta, the largest [illegible] river, and [illegible] flowed to the Atlantic Ocean [illegible] Gulf of [illegible]

[illegible]

A few years ago the explorer Bonnat, by his journey down inland on the Volta river, shattered so much of the theory as depended upon reports sent home by Bowdich, and now Binger has leveled the western part of the great Kong range. The last editions of some of the best African maps show the Kong mountains in all their wonted blackness, but with the addition of a [illegible] notation. The next editions will see them left out entirely.

[illegible]

ABOUT YOUR FALSE TEETH.

Durability of Artificial Teeth and Other Gossip About Teeth.

"How long do false teeth wear?" an experienced dentist was asked the other day by a reporter of the Boston *Herald*.

"You might as well say How long does a suit of clothes wear?" was the reply. "It all depends upon the quality of the teeth and the care of the person who uses them. If a woman bites thread with her artificial molars they are likely to to be ruined in a week. On the other hand, I know persons who have worn the same sets for twenty years, and have never been compelled to have them repaired. Sets made of the best material and in the best manner should last a lifetime with proper care."

"What is the proper care of false teeth?"

"Both the plates and the crowns should be removed from the mouth and cleansed every night and morning.

"Do artificial teeth decay?

"No. They are made of porcelain which is not subject to decay as the natural teeth are. But at the same time porcelain is not [illegible] and hence an artificial tooth will not stand many hard knocks.

"What is the difference in the durability of high priced and cheap teeth?"

"That is a difficult question. Cheap teeth are made of a material that bears the same relation to that of the best teeth that a common stone china plate does to a Sevres vase. Cheap teeth look like glazed china, and that is about all that some of them are. Now, so long as the glaze lasts the teeth are as strong as those made of the costliest material, and I have known sets costing next to nothing to perform service for many years. They are not so brittle, in act, as those made of the finest porcelain. But the chief superiority of the latter lies in their shape and appearance and in the exactitude with which they are fitted to the gums."

"What is the best sort of plate?"

"One made of gold. But black rubber is just about as durable, only it is harder to keep perfectly clean."

"Are complete sets of artificial teeth not uncommon?"

"Partial sets are more frequently seen but complete sets are by no means unusual."

"Who wear the most false teeth—men or women?"

"Women, by long odds. I don't think the result is due alone to vanity, however, although that may have something to do with it. The chief reason is that the natural teeth of women are not as good and strong as those of men, and, therefore, have to be more frequently replaced by artificial teeth."

Isabella, the Vagabond Queen.

It is difficult to understand why the Spaniards, proud, sensitive people, should have submitted so long to a ruler whom they could not respect. Her good-natured, happy-go-lucky nature seemed to cast a charm over them; they could follow so easily all the workings of her mind, whether, with childish petulancy, she was reproaching her Ministers with betraying her, or confessing with remorse she had wronged them. If her sins were open, so was her repentance. Year by year, when Holy Week came round, this woman, who for the other fifty-one weeks had been outraging every law human and divine, kneeled in church for the hour together, and, with loud sobs and groans, proclaimed her sorrow for the past, her resolution to make atonement in the future. Her subjects, seeing her sorrow, followed too, and when Easter Day arrived were as convinced as she was that a new era of her life was at hand. The Maundy Thursday ceremony never failed to win for her hearty adherents. She washed the feet of the beggars with such manifest zeal; spoke to them such kindly, loving words, served the food as if she thought it a privilege to do so, and, at the close of the feast, cleared the table with a dexterity that showed her heart was in her work. Her splendid robes—she always wore full court dress upon these occasions—seemed to enhance the touching humility of her attitude, and, although the free-thinking part of the community scoffed at what they called the Popish mummery of the whole affair, that was not the feeling with which the bulk of the population regarded it. One year, while she was serving at the table, a diamond fell from her head-dress on to the plate of one of the beggars. A dozen hands were stretched out to restore the jewel, but the Queen motioned to the man to keep it, remarking simply: "It has fallen to him by lot." The generosity was unfeigned, for it was not in her nature to stoop to a beggar, while the one point upon which she made a firm stand against her Ministers was in insisting upon her right to exercise mercy, and the hardest struggle she ever had with them was apropos of a pardon granted at the request of Bisbori. A Queen has many chances of doing little gracious acts, and Isabella never failed to seize each one as it came in her way, not, however, for the sake of winning popularity, but simply to follow the bent of her own nature, which, as she showed the other day, is still unchanged. For she of all Paris was the first to remember that Prado's victim needed help and comfort.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

Duck-Legged Dudes.

A couple of duck-legged dudes got into a Brook street car the other day and broke the rules of the company and insulted ladies in the car by filling it with the filthy fumes of cigarette smoke. An old negro woman carrying a bundle got into the car at Second street and was about to take her seat, when she looked around and, eyeing the dudes for a minute, fanned the smoke away from in front of her face with her open hand and said: "Say, little boys, ef you'll fro' dem ar weeds away yer suckin' I'll gin yer or dime ter buy seegars wid; dey makes me feel sick at de stummick, an' I'd rudder ride than walk. The 'little boys' didn't take the dime, but they took the hint, pulled the strap, stopped the car and got out. "Sum white folks chil'en don't know nuffin'," said the old woman, as she lowered the window, and the car moved on.—*Louisville Times.*

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"C[illegible] that I recommend it as superior [illegible] known to me. H. A. Archer, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, without injurious medication.

The Centaur Company, 186 Fulton Street, N. Y.

Girls who use SAPOLIO are QUICKLY MARRIED

SAPOLIO is one of the best known city luxuries and each time a cake is used an hour is saved. On floors, tables and painted work it acts like a charm. For scouring pots, pans and metals it has no equal. If your store-keeper does not keep it you should insist upon his doing so, as it always gives satisfaction and its immense sale all over the United States makes it an almost necessary article to any well supplied store. Everything shines after its use, and even the children delight in using it in their attempts to help around the house.

A STORY FULL OF SMILES!

A Humorous Serial; and Yet a Story with a Strong Plot, Full of Incident and Interesting Characters.

Mr. Fielding is one of the brightest and cleanest humorous writers in America. His fun is pure and natural, and the comic situations into which, in this charming tale, his characters are often placed are certainly very amusing.

It is seldom that we have the pleasure of offering to our readers such a literary treat as this story is certain to be.

We have, however, secured the right to run

"THE VICTIM OF HIS CLOTHES"

in these columns and the opening chapters will shortly appear.

We bespeak for this story a hearty reception at the hands of all our readers and at the same time would modestly ask them to not forget the enterprising publisher and editor who spares no labor nor expense to give them the best home paper in the State. Tell your friends about the kind of paper we publish and have them send in their subscriptions at once. We appreciate the good word kindly spoken; but in any event propose to lose no opportunity to still further increase the excellency of this journal.

WATCH FOR THE FIRST INSTALLMENT!

[illegible] Treat Like This.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD ACHE is the bane of [illegible] this where we make our [illegible] cure it while others do not [illegible] take a dose [illegible] not [illegible] take [illegible] free [illegible] mail.

WELLSBORO POULTRY YARDS

Mammoth Light Brahmas

Brown & Red Games, White and Black Minorcas, White and S. L. Wyandottes.

BEST MATINGS. BEST STRAINS.

Fertile eggs, $1.25 to $2.00 per 13. Send stamp for illustrated circular, giving description of breeds and prices of eggs and stock. Address, CHAS. C. WHEELER, April 17, 1890. Wellsboro, Pa.

Hop Plasters

SCOTT'S EMULSION DOES CURE CONSUMPTION In Its First Stage.

I CURE FITS!

ST. JACOBS OIL BASE BALL SEASON Cures HURTS, CUTS, SPRAINS, BRUISES, RHEUMATISM. ST. JACOBS OIL TRADE MARK REMOVES PAIN FOR RHEUMATISM.

WIT AND HUMOR.

[illegible] Parvenu and Parliament.

One story and basement—The modern sensational novel.—*Puck.*

A man is happiest when he can forget all the mean things he knows about himself.—*Troy Press.*

It is for its own interest that a mortgage should be allowed to run after it is due.—*Rome Sentinel.*

If some poets learn in suffering what they teach in song, how they must have suffered!—*Time.*

The Government of the fabled Amazons is supposed to have been an Oldtalracy.—*Bushnell (Ill.) Record.*

It is said that a man from the Pine Tree State can be told by the pitch of his voice.—*Binghamton Republican.*

It is said that tenors are so conceited that they will even take base flattery to themselves.—*Baltimore American.*

That quarrelsome Mrs. Pence is crazy. No wonder, she was always giving somebody a piece of her mind.—*Ex.*

It has been judicially decided that corn is fine. The juice of it has long been known as a great beguiler.—*Baltimore American.*

It may be all right to wait for "dead men's shoes," but it is folly to go stamping around barefooted during the interval.—*Time.*

"When a fellow gets 'mashed' on himself," says a talented Roman, "it isn't long before he cuts out everybody else."—*Rome Tribune.*

An editorial is a Boston paper asks: "Must the typewriter go?" From its tone we should judge it was written by the editor's wife.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Mrs. Poke—"I wonder why that chimney doesn't draw?" Mr. Poke—"I suppose, my dear, that it is waiting for somebody to turn the jack."—*Drake's Magazine.*

McCrackle—"That pair of trousers reminds me of the condition of affairs in Europe." McCorkle—"How so?" McCrackle—"It has a worelike aspect."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Baritone at the piano sings, "Kiss me, darling, in the spring!" And the fair accompanist murmurs softly, "What's the matter with doing it now?"—*Boston Gazette.*

"Are you making gratifying progress in your literary work?" "O, yes. I've got to the point now, where the editors will return my MSS. without my sending stamps."—*The Epoch.*

Somebody estimates that it costs a fond father between $4,000 and $5,000 to bring up a girl—but, bless you! she's worth it when she has been brought up right.—*Bomonville Journal.*

Two Rutgers students have been suspended and one expelled for removing the clapper from the college bell. It couldn't have been the latter that tolled on them.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Tubbs—"I'm going to send my poem to one of the big magazines." Merrill—"That's considerable trouble. Why don't you put it in an envelope and address it to yourself?"—*N. Y. Sun.*

Customer—"I say, uncle, how long have you had these new-laid eggs in stock?" Rastus—"I dunno exactly, boss. You see, I'se only been wu'kin' heah a month."—*American Grocer.*

Yeast—"What's Smithers playing now?" Crimsonbeak—"'Hamlet.'" "Does he enter into the spirit of the piece?" "O, yes—he is taking the part of the Ghost."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

The reckless clearing away of forests in New Hampshire is endangering our water supply. This is very alarming, in view of the fact that our other supply is cut off by law."—*Lowell Mail.*

Tommy—"Paw, the paper says that Gray's Elegy is a classic. What is a classic?" Mr. Figg—"A classic? Why, a classic is a sort of highly respectable chestnut."—*New Haven Register.*

Teacher (to dull boy in the class)—"Which New England State has two Capitals?" Boy—"New Hampshire." Teacher—"Indeed! Name them." Boy—"Capital N and capital H."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Grope—"I found an empty pocketbook to-day." Tope—"Great luck! Where did you find it?" Grope—"In a beer saloon." Tope—"That's nothing; I find one there every night."—*Drake's Magazine.*

A Russian Nihilist is now serving as conductor on a dining-car in this country. A Nihilist, once he gets started, is bound to have his fill of carnage, and he doesn't care whether he does it with bombshells or biscuits."—*Washington Post.*

Lawyer (drawing will)—"Your estate is much gone, for there is generally supposed." Sick Man—"Yes; but keep that quiet until after the funeral. I want a good show of grief-stricken mourners."—*Chatter.*

"The present riding habit for ladies is more becoming than that for gentlemen," says an exchange. "Well, we would just say so! The gentlemen's riding habit, we believe, is to let the ladies stand up."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Mrs. Wickwire—"Of course I have my faults and failings, but you should be the last man to find them out." Mr. Wickwire—"Well; I suppose I am, but it is too late for the knowledge to be of any use to me."—*Terre Haute Express.*

"What was that awful yell?" said Neersight as he walked along the street with Sharper, who slipped to assist a fallen man to his feet. "O, that was only a banana peal," replied Sharper, who was fond of his little joke.—*Boston Post.*

Wickwire—"I am glad Mudge is about to marry. I hope it will change him. He has been going down hill for some time." Mr. N. Puck—"He won't be any more. It will be an up-hill business after he marries."—*Terre Haute Express.*

"Father," said a Senator's son who had just arrived in Washington, "I fully realize that I have many shortcomings." "Yes, and I have no doubt that this is one of them. You are short and are coming to tell me about it."—*Washington Post.*

Student (writing to his father)—"I beg you, dear father, not for a minute to think that I need this money to pay debts with. I give you my word of honor I want it only for myself, and [illegible] satisfaction of debts."

Let Bygones Be Bygones Now.

From Chauncey M. Depew's "Illustrated centennial speech: For forty years after the Supreme court began its work the fees of lawyers were not so large as they are now. In fact, the most eminent attorneys received no more than $25 for drawing briefs and presenting causes to juries. Those were the happy days for the client. Nearly all lawyers died poor. A rich lawyer was at that time as much of a novelty as a rich literary man is now.

How different at the end of this century! It is a common thing nowadays to hear of attorneys receiving $150,000 for the reorganization of a railroad or for organizing a trust, and the queerest part of it is that his clients look upon him with a respect commensurate with his charges. Moreover, the community applauds the attorney's moderation.

Clients are most illogical. They reason from no known commercial basis. In the early days of my career as a lawyer I wrote an opinion for a client and timidly asked $5 therefor. He grumbled a great deal before paying it. Later he took the opinion to a famous New York advocate to find out whether it was all right. The advocate glanced over it, wrote across the first page the word "correct," and asked $500 for his work. My client paid the sum gladly, and is yet talking about the kindness of the great advocate.

For the first legal paper I ever drew I charged $1.50. A farmer was my client, and he beat me down to $1. Twenty years afterward I wrote a paper precisely similar and received for it $500 with many thanks.

Epoch.

The transition from long, lingering and painful sickness to robust health marks an epoch in the life of the individual. Such a remarkable event is treasured in the memory and the agency whereby the good health has been attained is gratefully blessed. Hence it is that so much is heard in praise of Electric Bitters. So many feel they owe their restoration to health, to the use of the Great Alterative and tonic. If you are troubled with any disease of kidneys, liver or stomach, of long or short standing you will surely find relief by the use of Electric Bitters. Sold at 50c. and $1 per bottle at Geo. M. Spalding's and A. C. Roland's drug store.—No. 8.

—Lewis P. Allen, a well-known stock breeder and agriculturist, died at his home in Buffalo, N. Y., recently.

Facts Worth Knowing.

In all diseases of the nasal mucous membrane the remedy used must be non-irritating. The medical profession has been slow to learn this. Nothing satisfactory can be accomplished with douches, snuffs, powders or syringes because they are all irritating, do not thoroughly reach the affected surfaces and should be abandoned as worse than failures. A multitude of persons—no bad for you—borne all this worry and pain that catarrh can inflict testify to radical cures wrought by Ely's Cream Balm.

—That $1,000 fine imposed on T. E. Davis, owner of Roy Wilkes, at Lexington last Fall goes, and the fast pacer cannot start again until it is paid.

Hark! to the sound of humanity's wails! Millions of people with ashes and with ails. Headaches and tortures, a merciless flood. Weakness of lungs and disorders of blood. Yet there's a helper that certainly saves. Thousands of people from premature graves. The remedy is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures coughs, relieves asthma, checks bronchitis, purifies the blood, heals sores, eruptions and unsightly pimples and is without a rival for all the ills that spring from a disordered liver.

Don't hawk, and blow, and spit, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Of druggists.

—A Hebrew peddler at Allentown was fined $50. Then he had four others arrested for selling without a license, and his share of the fine left him ahead.

Wines for Enfeebled Persons.

Physicians have used Speer's wines, and having applied to it the strictest test known to chemistry, they do not hesitate to pronounce it a pure wine of medium strength, and recommend it to be of great advantage to the aged and infirm, also in low and typhoid fevers Speer's wine will be found very superior.

—The figure of Mr. Beecher, just cast in bronze in New York, is of heroic size, nine feet in height, and will stand on a granite pedestal of about the same height.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Geo. M. Spalding and A. C. Roland, druggists, Wellsboro.—mar 15—1f

—President and Mrs. Harrison will pass the summer at Deer Park, having engaged the cottage they occupied last year.

[illegible] Cough Cure, 25, 50c. 75. [illegible] Sulphur Soap [illegible] Corn Remover [illegible] Corns, Bunions, 25c. Hill's Hair & Whisker Dye—Black & Brown, 50c. [illegible] Pills [illegible]

—Boston ladies attend baseball games in large numbers. They are on the look-out for a good catch.

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

—Clergymen, says an observer, forget the golden rule and become "as other men are" when battling in political convention.

A Tilt With Time.

Ladies in their attempts to baffle old Time are bound to receive some wounds in the encounter. These however, they can conceal, as far as complexion is concerned by a timely and regular resort to the use of "Glenn's Sulphur Soap." Without obstructing the pores, or in any way injuring the health of the skin, it removes from the surface pimples, redness and the various disfigurements caused by increasing age or exposure to the sun. Sold by all druggists. Time touches the hair as well as the complexion. But the ungallant old fellow can be defied here too, with "Hill's Instantaneous hair Dye," which renews the tint of youth on the grizzled brow of age. It is the cheapest and safest [illegible] use.

—A movement is [illegible] have the Maine militia meet [illegible] grants of the Army of the Potomac [illegible] on July 4th.

KENTUCKY FARMERS.

[illegible] Life in the Blue Grass Country.

"The farmers in central Kentucky must be rich?"

"Rich? Of course they are. It is the only country I ever saw with a community of rich farmers," says Dr. Henry Wilson in the Atlanta *Constitution*. "Any man who owns a blue grass farm is rich. He can't help it. His land is worth from $75 to $100 an acre remote from the railroad and near a village from $150 to $200. It grows blue grass spontaneously. You can run a field fifteen years in corn, then stop it, take the stock off and it will seed itself. Turn the first year's seed under and next year it reappears. Turn it under again and you have land as rich as ever and carpeted with blue grass. The land has a substrata of lime, and it fertilizes itself.

"It is a royal life they lead.

"It certainly is. They have their fine horses, their southdown sheep, pedigree hogs, Durham cattle, raise everything they need, and are absolutely independent. Why, take the southdown sheep. They grow so fat, so broad across the back, that if one turns over and gets on its back he can not recover his feet, but would die unless the shepherd turned him. Their Chester and Essex hogs are pedigreed as carefully as their horses, and such hams and meat as they make! As for cattle, there is Mr. William Beasley, who lives near Lancaster, who raises fine horses for the east and Durham cattle for Europe. He has no Durhams that will not weigh from 1,800 to 2,000 pounds, and buyers scent direct from English farms come to his barns every week in the year to select fine cattle. He takes a country horse, educates him up in style and pace and sells him for $1,000. The millionaires of Boston and New York send their buyers to his stable and take his stock at his own price."

"They are hospitable, these farmers, are they not?"

"That is not the word. They are glad to see you. Each farmer has his ice-house, a huge dry well in which the ice is packed with straw. Then there is the mint bed, and the fine liquors in his cellar of whatever age you want. He gives you the inevitable mint julep, and yet there is little drunkenness in that section—less than I ever saw. Dr. Wash Miller, who lives near Winchester is worth about $300,000. His land is worth a third of that. He has fine horses, poultry, hogs, cattle, and in his park, which is as beautiful as a royal park in England, 200 deer run at large. A king on his throne is not happier or more independent than a farmer in the heart of the blue-grass region."

"Did you go to the Lexington fair?"

"Of course I did, and let me sell you you will find more fine stock and higher grade animals at the Lexington fair than anywhere else on earth. Why, just think of it, I saw them preparing while Chester boars for inspection. They would lay a boar on a table, wash him with castile soap as carefully as if he were a baby, then wipe him perfectly dry—and he was so used to being washed that he would turn over to expose his body to the water—and then comb his hair, dust him out with a fine make brush, cut his toenails, clean out his nose and ears, cut the long hairs off his body, and then powder him and dust him until his skin was as soft and pink as a baby's. Such a boar would bring from $70 to $100, and the pigs of his family would sell for $25 apiece the day they were born. I saw cotswold rams there as large as a yearling calf, with their fleece washed and combed, their horns polished and their eyes and ears dusted out as daintily as if it were a young lady preparing for her first ball. The Durham cattle almost looked like elephants and had pedigrees as long as a feudal prince. The Jerseys are used in Kentucky only as pets and for fancy butter and to furnish milk for milk punches."

The Beauties of Puget Sound.

A tourist who has but recently returned from a prolonged trip through the Northwest, speaks in the following enthusiastic terms of the great Puget Sound: "I have traveled pretty much all over the world," said he, "and consider that Puget Sound is in many respects the most beautiful sheet of water that I have ever seen. It penetrates into the heart of Washington, and although but eighty miles in length, it is diversified with innumerable bays and inlets, so that its shore line can not be less than 500 miles. The sound is divided into two separate arms or inlets, between which lies a long jagged mountainous peninsula. Seattle and Tacoma are on one arm while Olympia, the capital of the State, is at the extreme end of the other. The waters of the sound are very deep and blue as sapphire, reminding one strongly of the blue waters of the Mediterranean along the southern coast of France. There is 600 feet of water close by Tacoma and that is 80 miles inland. In fact there is great difficulty in getting an anchorage at all in many portions of the sound. The shores are rocky and precipitous and clothed with an almost impenetrable growth of iron firs and pines upon which the woodman's ax has hardly, as yet, made an impression, although lumbering operations have been in progress for twenty years. At times the surface of the sound is like a mirror for days at a time, and then again it is transformed into a most dangerous and tempestous sea—the irregular shore line makes the winds very variable and navigation at times both difficult and dangerous. The sound is also the subject of a most curious tide phenomenon. Owing to its narrow mouth the tide makes but slow progress inland and upon its ebb meets the following tide about half way down the sound. When the two bodies of water meet, there ensues a miniature maelstrom, the waters surge and boil while trunks of trees, wreckage and driftwood almost obscure the surface, and are held there for many days by the opposing currents. East of the sound are the Cascades, with jagged, snow-clad peaks, while Mount Ranier, with its rounded peak, although fifty miles away, is plainly visible. On the western side issues the lofty Olympain range, seemingly shelving down to the very shores. Altogether the sound is a grandly beautiful sheet of water, and people who once visit it are never satisfied till they see it again.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND & TAR

FOR THE CURE OF Coughs, Colds, Difficult Breathing, and all Affections of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes and Lungs, leading to Consumption.

This invaluable remedy is composed of the honey of the plant horehound, in chemical union with Tar-Balm, extracted from the Life Principle of the forest tree abies balsamea, or balm of gilead.

Those who have used it say, that Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar is wonderfully remedial in all cases where the organs of respiration are affected, and that its action is unusually rapid. It contains nothing that can disorder the stomach; it has also an extremely agreeable flavor.

Children derive great benefit from its soothing properties when suffering with croup and whooping cough. Prices—25c., 50c. and $1 per bottle, largest, cheapest.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

C. N. CRITTENTON, Sole Prop'r, N. Y.

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS. Cure in 1 Minute.

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